Fortune-Telling Fakers

The Woman Detective's Story

SAG 30 '24

Police! Magazine

SEPTEMBER

A Field Day Feat

Price 25c

A Magazine for the Public

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When Admiral Dewey Came Home!

that was the year the Fruhauf idea was born

IN THOSE days a man who wore ready-mades usually looked the part—with a vengeance. Manufacturing standards were pretty low. Style, as we know it, was nearly impossible to achieve with rude machines and harsh staple fabrics. The art of hand-tailoring was confined to a few custom-tailor establishments.

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Police Magazine

UNDER AUSPICES OF INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

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$100 Prize Police Story in this Number

Police Magazine's $100 Prize for the Best Police Story submitted by July 10 has been awarded to Patrolman William Magill Millar of New York, who also wrote "Whoa, Lion!" which took a second prize position in the Police Department's prize competition in April and was printed in the May number of Police Magazine.

Even more than "Whoa, Lion!" the present story, which is published on page 14, as "The Musical Burglar," is characteristic of the tales those good-humored men, the police, love to tell.

Several other notable stories were submitted in the contest, and these Police Magazine plans to print soon. That selected for next month will make the readers' pulses tingle.

Announcement made in last month's magazine of an extension of the time limit in this contest was later cancelled. Only stories submitted by July 10 were considered in awarding the prize.

Contents, September, 1924

	PAGE
In the Line of Duty. C. R. Macauley	Frontispiece
Fortune-Telling Fakers. Mrs. Isabella Goodwin Seaholm	5
Condensed Mysteries	9
"Unseen Guards"	11
The Musical Burglar. Prize story by William Magill Millar	14
How Fingerprints Are Read. Acting Captain John A. Golden	17
Bobby. H. L. Gates	21
In Black and White. Prize story by Rudolph Unger	24
The Quest for the Magazine Cover Girl. Edward Luce	26
Berlin's New Safety Police. Deputy Chief Inspector Samuel G. Belton	29
Greatest of Field Days Coming	33
International Conference Plans Advanced	35
The End of the "California Daylighters"	36
Norfolk's Force Snappy. Jay E. Lewis	37
Out For Baseball Honors	38

NEXT MONTH

A Live October Number

Special Feature—A New and Gripping "Fortune-Telling Fakers" Story by Mrs. Seaholm

More Prize Stories

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In the Line of Duty

First of a series of twelve drawings by the famous cartoonist, C. R. Macauley, made especially for Police Magazine

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Fortune-Telling Fakers

The Woman of the Evil Eye

(A Sequel to "The Romance of the Crystal Ball")

By MRS. ISABELLA GOODWIN SEAHOLM
First Grade Detective, New York

THE great inner room in the sumptuously Orientally furnished headquarters of Omna, the All-Seeing, was quiet as—as the tomb, shall I say. Was there a hint in this?

Chryso, Omna's chief assistant, had paused in his long crystal reading of which I was the beneficiary. The silence became impressive. Then there came that which both of us had been waiting for—

"Madam," said he, "the crystal ball never lies. See! The purple clouds are gathering—it is suffused with purple—purple turning to black. Through the purple haze I can descry many men in blue. Some of them are singing hymns beside a gray coffin in the aisle of a great church. The purple is over everything. Others are passing by that coffin, looking for the last time on a face that is familiar. The black sweeps on, replacing the purple. The coffin! Oh, Madam!—" and here his voice rose to almost a shriek—"Is it your face I see in that coffin?"

True Stories

HAVE you ever been tempted by the specious promises of fortune-tellers to tell you your name or to name the person you are to marry?

If so, these stories have a meaning for you.

In them Mrs. Goodwin—as Mrs. Seaholm was long widely known—reveals not so much the methods of the soothsayers as the evil they do.

Commissioner Enright has practically driven them out of New York, not because of the occasional coins they obtain from the credulous, but because of the great harm they do in such ways as are revealed here.

Another gripping story next month.

I sank back astounded. The cool affrontery of it!

Since I have pursued the men and women of the second sight and the ready trance for many years no one knows better than I the falsity of their pretensions. Yet, despite my knowledge, a creepy feeling chilled the marrow of my spine as this cloaked threat was launched bluntly at me. It is not pleasant to be told even by the baldest of fakers, that you are about to die.

It was with difficulty that I mastered my feelings — remembered that I was not merely a timorous woman whom Omna's satellite was seeking to intimidate. It was when I recalled the gilt detective's badge I carried in my handbag and my obligations to the department that had so long trusted me that I brushed up the courage to make sharp reply.

"I'm going to disprove that prophecy," I said rising, "and I am going to disprove it to your personal satisfaction. Just wait."

LEO KOBER

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"But, Madam," and he rushed over to the door after me, "you must listen. What I say is the word to the wise—a warning. Your life is in danger—Mme. Malluk has come."

So the famous Italian sorceress whose strength lay in her using the so-called Evil Eye to put spells on her patrons had joined Omna's retinue. She was the one thing needed to complete this department store of the occult. Omna's fine headquarters housed almost every brand of the astral fakers' trades. His customers might have their choice of the method by which they would be parted from their money. Did they choose clairvoyant, astrologer, crystal reader, or trance medium, they could be accommodated. And now he had added the famous devotee of that European damnation—the Evil Eye.

And so Chryso, old white-bearded trickster of the astral profession really thought there was harm in the Evil Eye. He must—to judge from his speech. But not I! Long dealing with all the thousands of the tribe of tricksters had made me an unbeliever of the unbelievers—more than that, an active disbeliever.

"Bah! for your Malluk," I exploded. "No Evil Eye can bluff me!"

He clutched at my sleeve as I stormed past him.

"Indeed, Madam, it is for your own good—come not again."

The door closed and I was in the marbled corridor of the great office building—once more in the matter-of-fact world to which I was accustomed. The transformation from the carefully staged eerie atmosphere of the Omna offices was striking. And thankfully so. Having one's early demise predicted is not an experience to be enjoyed.

Hardened though I was to strange happenings, I had to stand there a minute to shake off the influences of that last quarter of an hour. The influence of a splendidly stage-managed interview with Omna's chief assistant, and of his long preparation for his last crucial shot by telling me things about myself that I hadn't believed any fortune-teller could have ascertained without months of inquiry. His references to my early life had revealed that he knew me for the detective I was.

Evidently Omna's detectives—ordinarily maintained for the purpose of picking out the wealthy from the mass of his clients—had followed me.

That being the case, I sat there wondering what was coming. I waited impatiently for Chryso to uncover his batteries.

And I was in for the surprise of my life, so it proved. Ten years of listening to and arresting a variety of fakers had not left me much capacity for that particular emotion. I was as blase as any man on the force, I believe, but I was jarred out of all that when this soothsayer in such an earnest and apparently sincere fashion told me he was warning me of a real danger.

There in the hall, freed from the carefully staged atmosphere of the "studio" and with the surroundings of every-day life to encourage me I turned over in my mind the question whether I should arrest him. It was not him I was after, but "Omna, the All-Seeing" and also the self-styled. My instructions were to get this scheming head of the nest of fakers and thereby break up this headquarters of the occult. And to arrest Omna I must needs have evidence against him, otherwise a court hearing ending in his discharge would only be an advertisement for him. He could point to it as proof that he must be genuine, else the police could prove him a faker. All this flashed through my mind as I debated whether to arrest Chryso. Finally I decided that if I were to arrest the assistant my chances of getting his chief, Omna, would probably vanish.

So I decided to let this tool go and to disappear from their sight, thereby giving them the impression that I had been frightened off. Besides I believed this man from whom I had taken a "reading" because I could not get to Omna, was at least partly sincere in this last warning. He really believed apparently that the Evil Eye could blast one.

What a commentary on the real mental capacity of these practitioners of the black arts! Here was a veteran among them actually believing in witchcraft and a few other things. I wondered if he swallowed also the Italian superstition that such witches as Malluk could fly abroad o' nights and kill their enemies in their beds.

That was part of the cult—a cult by which many sudden deaths were easily accounted for. It was astonishing that so practiced a faker as Chryso should have faith in this black art. Smiling over the queer situation, I returned to Headquarters.

I WAS planning a pretty campaign against Omna, Limited—for he was a sort of syndicate—when there rushed to me at my desk in Headquarters a young man who babbled—

"Helen!—she's gone. Malluk's got her!"

Malluk! There it was again—that accursed name. Was it to stand in my path all day?

I sprang up and turned on him in anger. But the weakling face that looked up to me was too pitiful to permit me to even reprimand him. I sat down heavily.

"Well, what is it?"

It seemed he had been all at fault. Helen, who had been his lady fair, had been away from the city for three long months and in that period he had spent some little time worshiping at another shrine. And

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when Helen had returned to town he had not been prompt to call on her. That hardly expressed it, for, dragging the facts from him one by one, I learned that he had let three weeks pass without visiting her. He haden't cared enough for her to go to see her in that time yet, now that she was missing for a day or two, here he was yammering of his love for her. I was a bit disgusted with him, but his story stirred me—

"Helen wasn't to blame," said he. "At first she just went there to have the cards read—"

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. She was visiting her sister ten days ago and the sister asked if she had seen me since she returned. The sister is newly married and, like all the newlyweds, she wants to be a bit of a matchmaker. They are all so happy that they want everyone else to share their happiness. So she had to inquire about me. Of course Helen said she had not seen me. That set the sister off.

"'Could it be that I was cooling toward her?' was asked. 'Was there some other girl? Hadn't I even written? Who was the other girl?' Oh, you know how a gossip runs on. She made Helen wonder whether there mightn't be some other girl.

"Still there would have been no trouble, I think, if it hadn't been for the servant girl."

"The maid?"

"Yes, a Polish girl. She said she knew how Helen could find out all about it—all about me, you know, by having the cards read. She could take her to the place."

"And did she?"

"I'm coming to that. It wasn't really Helen's fault—you understand that. This sister plagued her into going—just to have the cards read—nothing more."

"And she assured her there couldn't be any harm in it, I suppose."

"Certainly—she and the Polish girl told Helen she ought to find out about me—that she ought not to be waiting around for me if I had left her for another. The thing to do was to have the cards read and learn the truth.

"'And,' ran on the Polish girl, 'she give you charm to bring this Herbert back. She make you happy same as she make me happy.'"

"So Helen believed all this?"

"I don't know—but anyway she went to this Mme. Malluk that day. Then she kept going for about a week and then the day before yesterday she went again—and she hasn't come back."

"And you haven't seen her?" I looked him full in the eye. His sudden revival of interest in Helen had piqued my curiosity.

"No—well, it's like this," he stammered. "Maybe I did see her last night in Central Park, up by the obelisk, where she and I used to walk."

"You mean to say you don't know whether you saw her—your old sweetheart?"

"It was very dark—and this woman just swept around in a circle—"

"You spoke to her, of course. Why didn't you grab her?"

"Why, you see—the other girl—"

So that was it. The explanation explained.

"How much money did Miss Ludek have when she went to Mme. Malluk's?" This was a permanent question in my repertory—and always a vital one. The money would be the only thing of moment to Malluk or any other of the second-sight artists.

"Two or three dollars—just enough to pay for the card reading. Mme. Malluk had made a special rate of two dollars for her friend, so the Polish girl said, when she took Helen down to Forty-second street."

"Bait!" said I.

"Bait for what?" asked the young man.

"Bait for suckers! That is just to get you in. It's after you're in that they go mining for your pocketbook and trying to get everything you have in the safety deposit vault—which reminds me—did Miss Ludek have any money anywhere that this old beldame could induce her to get to pay for love charms and so forth?"

"Why, yes; she had money in the bank—money of her own—and an aunt out Lake Hopatcong way owed her a couple of hundred dollars. You don't think—"

"I most decidedly do think," said I. "I'm morally certain that if you go down to the bank you'll find she has drawn her money out and besides you wire the aunt and let me know tomorrow whether Miss Ludek hasn't been there after that money, too. These leeches take the last drop of pocketbook blood."

HERBERT CLARK thought my outspoken forebodings were as the croakings of a raven. He smiled pityingly on me as he left—but I had his promise to

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make the two inquiries and report to me in the morning.

"Now," thought I, "we must rescue this girl. I'll have to let up on Omna for a while and hunt this associate of his. And since Mme. Malluk is a member of his syndicate, I shall at least be damaging him if I can land her.

I hoped it would be no mere charge of fortune-telling this time. I hoped I could prove a charge of practicing medicine without a license—the giving of love charms or philtres being known to be a specialty of Mme. Malluk's. Her practice of casting the Evil Eye spell we had heard of at Headquarters but we had never been able to find a victim who was not too much afraid of her to appear as complainant. And she had been very crafty about dealing with strangers. No one from the department had been able to get a case against her—if only I could!

That evening was one of the strangest I ever spent. By sunset I was ensconced in a cozy nook near the Central Park obelisk with a weather eye out for wraith-like figures that might be sweeping around there scattering love charms for the beguilement of unsuspecting youths. I had my trouble for my pains. Herbert Clark was there—with the other girl—but there was no sign of Helen.

"Then she's either home by now or else—" I choked on the thought my own half-spoken words led me to.

What she might have been led into I could not guess accurately. But after I had hurried to her home on East Seventieth street and had learned that the girl had not been heard from and that her mother was ill there formed in my mind what was almost a hope that she might have found peace in the river.

Whether that or the fate that actually befell her were worse will be left to those who read this account.

WHEN young Clark brought me word the next day that the missing girl had withdrawn all her money from the bank and had also collected part of what was due her from the aunt—some two hundred dollars was the total of the two items—I started the machinery of the Police Department working to find Helen Ludek. And the first thing I did was to have the morgues searched for her body. I greatly feared that friend of the low in spirit—the river.

With the Missing Persons Bureau actively interested in the case I felt that if any unaccounted-for young woman should come to the surface anywhere near the city I should learn of it promptly. That took care of one end of the affair. The other end was mine to do what I could with.

THAT evening a much flustered Polish servant girl took to Mme. Malluk's uptown place in Second avenue near 102nd street—and not, you will note, to her downtown headquarters with Omna—one who passed for an ex-chorus girl, peroxided of hair and frizzed and painted to match a cartoonist's picture of a lady of the ensemble in the Florodora day.

The anilined blonde sought advice as to a recreant admirer, vowed she would have him back if she had to use charms on him, and otherwise tried to interest Malluk in her sad heart affair. No interest was shown, however. As a last resort she of the chorus took a long chance and exhibited a pocketbook well overstuffed with yellowbacks. Still no interest.

Helen sank kneeling at her mother's bedside

"Me gooda lady," asserted Malluk over and over again. "Me no tell the fortune. Me no sell charm. Me gooda lady!"

And in the absence of any proof to the contrary I felt I would have to abide by her word for a little time. I realized then that the Polish girl had warned her in some way. She shut the door in my face. It was easily to be seen that Malluk, having made a good "killing" with Helen Ludek, was expectant of attempts at prosecution. It was fairly to be inferred then that she would refuse to deal with strangers for a time. Only old and tried clients would be welcome.

I should either have to find Helen Ludek or induce some other patron of Malluk's to complain against her. I may remark in passing that this theory of mine that the woman would take no chances was confirmed when inquiry was made for Mme. Malluk the next day at Omna's. It was said she was away.

This left us at a standstill until we should find Helen Ludek and thus obtain a complainant against Malluk. Pending that I decided to resume my campaign against Omna for the purpose of putting him out of business.

What was my surprise then the very next day to find that he had in his retinue a genuine Countess. I decided to make her acquaintance at once by a ruse I had decided on. However, for a reason to be explained at another time, I had to put off the meeting until the following day.

That meeting and what came of it make quite an-

(*Continued on page* 60)

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Condensed Mysteries

Clues by Which Famous Detectives Solved Cases are Given Here—For Their Solutions Turn Over the Page

Old "Never-Let-Go"

AMONG those who searched a tangled swamp near Galt, Ontario, Canada, for the body of a farmer's wife was a reporter who came across a half-made grave dug in the heavy soil of the swampland. Blood at the wood-pile of the house told that the woman had been murdered, and the reporter, in the hope that the slayer would return to the unfinished grave, said nothing about his discovery to his fellow searchers and established himself near the shallow pit to watch through the night.

Despite the fact that he had had the courage to stay there goose pimples rose when, about midnight, a slight stirring told him of the approach of some night adventurer. A tall, sparse figure appeared by the grave and then the silent watcher saw a strange procedure. The newcomer first crept all around the grave on hands and knees with his face within six inches of the ground. He carried a small lamp that enabled him to search every foot of earth. This evidently proved fruitless, so the searcher took a spade and began throwing earth off from the mound left by the original digger of the grave. He continued this until only four inches of the soil that had been turned up from the original grave was left. He then dug a trench all around the remnants of the mound and by forcing a spade in horizontally under the mound after the fashion of a man turning sod, turned over sections of the original earth and the mound that had been thrown on it.

When these had been turned upside down on a cleared space, the searcher carefully lifted off pieces of the soil and again used the small lamp to closely scrutinize all the earth in the neighborhood.

The searcher was Old "Never-Let-Go" John Wilson Murray, chief Inspector of Criminal Investigation of the Department of Justice of the Province of Ontario, and his lonely midnight search resulted in the establishing of the guilt in a mysterious murder and the confession and conviction of the man he accused.

What was he seeking beside this lonely grave and through what method did he force the confession?

For the explanation of how both things were accomplished turn over this page.

The Great Diamond Smuggling Mystery

IN a period when the United States tariff on diamonds was heavier than it is today the New York jewelry district was greatly excited over a continuous stream of cut stones that poured into the country as regularly as liners arrived from the other side.

For months customs men kept a sharp watch on every steamer and the baggage of passengers was examined with minute care while a close scrutiny was maintained over all freight. The jewellers themselves failed to trace the leak.

The agents and police on duty at the pier of one line, following a liner's arrival from Europe, had watched the last passenger depart and had seen the freight manifest examined, when Captain S———, the chief customs officer, noticed a long pine box on the deck being prepared for lowering to the pier with rope and tackle.

"What's that?" he asked, and was told it was a body of an American who had died abroad and which was being brought home for burial. "All right," said he, and the coffin in its wooden box was taken away by an undertaker.

One week later the customs chief was on duty at the same pier and another liner was in. Again after the passengers had departed he was about to leave when he noticed the crew engaged in lowering a box-encased coffin with the remains of an American who had died abroad. He noted the fact with some interest. It was customary for bodies brought over in this way to be taken off the ship ahead of the freight. Another week passed and the chief again was at the same pier to meet a third liner, and curiously enough a third body was brought ashore.

Acting on information so far obtained the customs chief proceeded to uncover one of the largest diamond and drug smuggling conspiracies in local history.

What was the clue on which he acted and how did he prove his case? For the answer to these questions turn over this page.

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Condensed Mysteries—The Solutions

(See Preceding Page)

Old "Never Let-Go"

THE reporter who, unseen, had watched Old "Never Let-Go" work around the half-made grave in the swamp did not know him, so at a distance he followed the man to his room at a hotel in Galt. Murray proceeded slowly because he carried as tenderly as he would a babe a great clod of the heavy, solid swamp mold.

At his hotel the reporter learned the man's identity from a porter and thereupon dropped the idea that he had had in his mind that the searcher was connected with the crime.

Murray went to his room, placed his great section of earth on a newspaper on the bed, and then carefully examined it with a reading glass. He next took certain measurements of an impression he found in this clod. This he compared with a memorandum of similar measurements which he took from a vest pocket. As every set of figures tallied the detective's head nodded significantly.

Being satisfied as to the measurements, he brought from a closet an old shoe which he now fitted into the imprint in the earth. The two matched exactly and as the shoe was that of a suspect already in jail, Murray knew that he had his man.

The section of earth was one that had originally been part of the surface of the earth where the grave had been dug. The murderer had turned it over with its grass side down on the earth beside the grave and had then turned over the other dirt on top of it. Though he had afterwards obliterated all footprints around the grave he had never thought to turn back the original sod that bore the impress of his foot. Murray had been able to preserve the footprint by his elaborate process of digging the trench around the mound and then turning upside down the earth that lay underneath the mound and the lower strata of the mound itself.

When that had been done the sods that formed the original earth surface where the grave was dug were again right side up, so Murray merely lifted from over them the sections of earth that had been underneath them when they were parts of the mound. The footprint now appeared just as it had when freshly made.

The suspect in the case, Jim Allison, had been a worker on the farm and Murray obtained a confession from him by showing him the imprint of his shoe in the swamp earth.

The man was tried, convicted and hanged and a curious feature of the case was that neither the footprint nor the grave in the swamp was mentioned at the trial. Murray afterward obtained other convicting evidence entirely aside from that connected with the grave in the swamp.

The Great Diamond Smuggling Mystery

"IT seems to me that an unusual number of Americans are dying abroad and being brought here for burial," said Chief S——— to himself as he intercepted the third body that he had seen prepared for removal from the pier.

He ordered the crew to open the case, thinking perhaps that it might contain something other than the body it purported to carry. He had the hermetically sealed coffin opened and there, under his eyes, was the corpse of a man embalmed and shrouded for burial.

"All right, close it up," said he. But his curiosity was not satisfied; it stirred him to inquiring as to who the undertaker was who was taking away the body. After obtaining the name he looked up the record of the two previous removals of bodies and found that the same undertaker had called for both.

"It's curious," said he to himself, "that all the Americans who die abroad and are brought home for burial have the same undertaker." He had the undertaker shadowed and within a few hours learned that the man was a close friend of a wholesale jeweller from the Maiden Lane district.

Thereupon the customs men descended on the undertaker's establishment and seized the body that had arrived that day, together with coffin and case. At first they thought that they had made a mistake, for no trace of smuggling appeared on a casual examination of coffin, case or body. It was only when they called in a professional undertaker and he carefully examined the body that they discovered that several vital organs had been removed and that for them the smugglers had substituted packages containing hundreds of costly diamonds and many expensive drugs, besides laces of great value.

The contents of this one body were valued by the customs authorities at above $20,000—and the great diamond smuggling mystery was solved.

Chief Vollmer's Return

AUGUST VOLLMER, Chief of Police in Berkeley, Cal., and recently in command of the Los Angeles department for the purpose of reorganizing it, returned to Berkeley on August 1, at the end of a year's service in Los Angeles.

Chief Vollmer is known as an international authority on police work and has written many articles on criminology. His experience of twenty years in Berkeley had made him famous on the coast as an efficient chief and for that reason Los Angeles chose him to build up its force. His reforms caused great opposition. According to Chief Vollmer one underworld gang announced when he went to Los Angeles that it would "get" him.

Before leaving the City of the Angels, he predicted that its criminal community was planning greater activity following his departure. He blames on this underworld gang a series of charges made against him by Mrs. Charlotte M. Lex of Hollywood, who sued him for breach of promise.

Chief Vollmer left the Los Angeles department with its personnel reorganized and in a highly efficient condition. At the time he resigned at the end of his year's work with his task accomplished it was felt that his successor would be either Chief of Police H. H. Kelly of Pasadena, Captain George H. McClary of Los Angeles, or former Captain R. E. Leith, who was in charge of the Record Bureau there.

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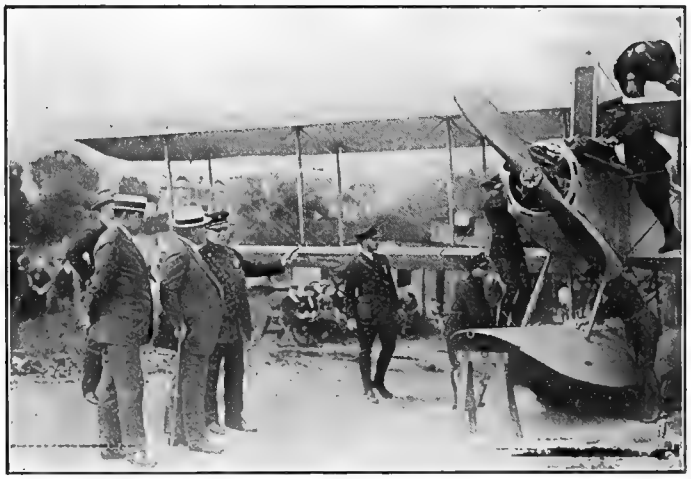
"Unseen Guards"

New York's Police Reserves Hold 3,000 Men in Readiness to Back Up Regular Force at Any Time

AN unpaid army, drilled, disciplined, accoutered, regimented and highly effective, yet so little in evidence as to merit designation as the city's "unseen guards," helps to make New York City the best policed metropolis in the world. New Yorkers, who take for granted most of the facts of their city's greatness, know little about the organization of some 3,000 officers and men who compose the Police Reserve of the Police Department of New York, the uniformed volunteers who as "civilian cops" are assisting the regulars of the department in the enormous task of guarding the lives and property of New York City's 6,000,000 inhabitants.

Yet this organization has been in existence as a legally constituted body under its present name since 1920, and through the enthusiasm of its mentors in the regular department and the zeal of its own officers and men has attained a degree of force and effectiveness where its value as adjunct of the regular police force is stressed by those responsible for the city's peace and safety. By land, by sea, by air and through the ether they are assisting in the work of guarding New York, and the work of drilling, instructing, and creating and maintaining morale goes on unceasingly.



Commissioner Enright and Inspector-General McKinney Watch Reserve Aviators at Work

In still another great way the Police Reserve serves as an educational institution. The Reserves maintain at their headquarters a night school that takes rank with many technical schools in the city in its instruction in such practical matters as aviation, radio broadcasting, and motor construction and repair. Special police instruction in the law and ordinances and in regular police work are given and some of the classes run as high as three hundred in number.

Although the Police Reserve is an unpaid volunteer force of civilian police whose organization is maintained without expense of one penny to the city, it has a legal status and is under the supervision of Police Commissioner Enright, who is keenly interested in its successful functioning. The law creating it was passed in 1920, being an amendment to the charter of Greater New York, which empowered the Commissioner to appoint a Special Deputy to command the Police Reserve, and to detail such members of the regular force as may be necessary for the instruction and drilling of recruits and the administration of the Reserve.

Acting under this provision of the law, Commissioner Enright named Rodman Wanamaker as Special Deputy in command of the Police Reserve, and Inspector General Charles H. McKinney, of the regular department, to take charge of it. Inspector General McKinney brought to his task the ripe experience of a thoroughly efficient police official, and, in addition, a strong belief not only in the actual but also in the potential value of a properly trained and directed civilian police force. His solid police experience and his entire sympathy with the purposes of the civilian policemen have contributed enormously to the building up of the Reserve to its present state of efficiency where veteran policemen acknowledge that their services are a real help in the task of policing the Greater City. In the task he has set himself, Inspector General McKinney has the services of a civilian assistant aid, Colonel Morris Joseph, a broker, who shares Inspector General McKinney's enthusiasm for and faith in the Police Reserve, and who is unsparing of his energies and resources in efforts to bring the Reserve up to the highest possible state of efficiency.

THE purpose of the law creating the Police Reserve was to provide "a trained, disciplined and equipped force of male citizens, whose services may be called upon by the Police Commissioner in the event of conditions arising requiring the services of a larger number of men than that constituting the regular force." This purpose, of course, could not be served by the mere assembling and uniforming of a body of volunteers, no matter how great their intelligence and public spirit. Drill and instruction in their duties are necessary even to the seasoned policeman, and an intensive training was found to be essential for volunteers whose time of necessity was divided between their avocations for a livelihood and their self-assumed duties as policemen.

Accordingly a school of instruction was established in the old Second Precinct Station at 156 Greenwich Street, where the headquarters for the Reserve in all five boroughs of the city are maintained. This solid old pile in the heart of downtown Manhattan, built as enduringly as a mediæval fort, is in charge of Acting Lieutenant Paul Bradley, who with a detail of five patrolmen carries out the orders of his superiors in keeping the machinery of the Reserve in smooth running order.

In this building are the class rooms where regular in-

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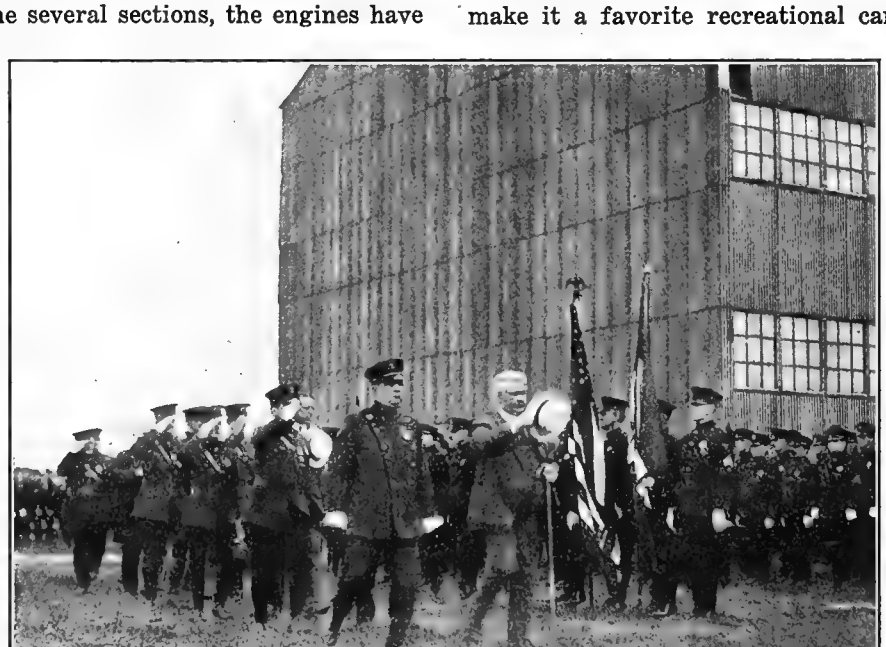
struction is given by experts to members of the several divisions of the Reserve. These classes of instruction include those on law and ordinances, routine police work, motor, aviation and radio broadcasting. The classes are well attended during the winter when Reserve members are not in encampment at Police Park, Fourth Avenue and Shore Road, Brooklyn. Instruction in many of the subjects is by lectures, but a very practical instruction is given in the Engineering Department, which includes the motor and aviation classes.

For these classes a large room has been set aside, in which are set up engines of all types of motor vehicles. In order to give the students a more intimate knowledge of the workings of the several sections, the engines have been dissected, so that instruction may be imparted as to crank shafts, feed transmission and other essential integrals of the entire engine. The room is fitted with work benches and tools for practical repair work and many charts serve in the work of instruction. A supply room adjoining contains a complete assortment of parts and fittings. After the students in the motor classes have been thoroughly instructed in the workings of the engines they are instructed in driving, for which purpose there are several demonstration cars in the headquarters garage.



Infantry of the Police Reserve on Review

In the same room containing the demonstration engines and sections for the motor classes are the engines and parts of aeroplanes used in the instruction for students in the aviation classes. These include four types of aeroplane engines, besides many parts and sections. In the center of the room an aeroplane engine, fitted with propellers and controls, has been mounted, with a platform beside it from which the lecturer demonstrates to the student when the power to operate the engine has been turned on. By means of these classes members of the aviation unit are thoroughly drilled in ground instruction before they undertake any flights from the hangars at Police Park.

All of the engines and parts used in the instruction of the motor and aviation classes have been donated by the companies manufacturing them, and they are of the most modern type. The lectures and demonstrations are given without charge by experts, so that the instruction thus obtained by students in these classes is equal to the training for which the student would be required to pay a considerable fee at a technological school.

One of the most popular classes at headquarters is that in radio work conducted by the chief-engineer of a large electric company, assisted by other experts in radio. A radio broadcasting set has been installed and through the instruction thus given a number of the students have been enabled to qualify for Federal licenses. About 400 attended these classes last year, among whom were many women.

In addition to the instruction of a technical nature, lectures are given in the Assembly Room twice a week by experts on various topics connected with police work. Quarters also have been set aside for the occasional dances and entertainments given by the Reserves, and the Marine Division maintains club quarters in the building completely equipped with all the features that make it a favorite recreational camping-ground for its members. The examining offices of the Medical Unit are also in this building, and a physician is detailed here one night each week to pass on the physical and mental qualifications of applicants to the Reserve.

ENLISTMENT in the Reserve is for two years and is under rules promulgated by the Police Commissioner. Requirements for the service, as enumerated by the law creating it, are not so onerous as in the case of recruits to the regular department. It is necessary, however, that the recruit shall be a citizen of the United States, at least 5 feet 5 inches in height, able to read, write and speak the English language distinctly, and that his good physical condition be certified to by the examining physician or surgeon of the Reserve.

In exercising the discretionary powers reserved to him by the wording of the law, Commissioner Enright has thrown further safeguards about enlistments by which to assure that the personnel of the city's civilian police may be a body of picked men, free of any taint of undesirable characters and, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. Thus, when the applicant is examined, his finger prints are taken, just as in the case of a recruit in the regulars, and this record is sent to the Detective Division for investigation. It is not filed with the Bureau, but is returned with the report on it to be filed at Reserve headquarters. Also all applications are forwarded to the Commander of the precinct in which the applicant resides, for investigation as to his character.

The plan of organization for the Reserve follows that of the United States Army, except that the highest rank in the service is that of Colonel. Commissioner Enright has divided the force into regiments, battalions and inde-

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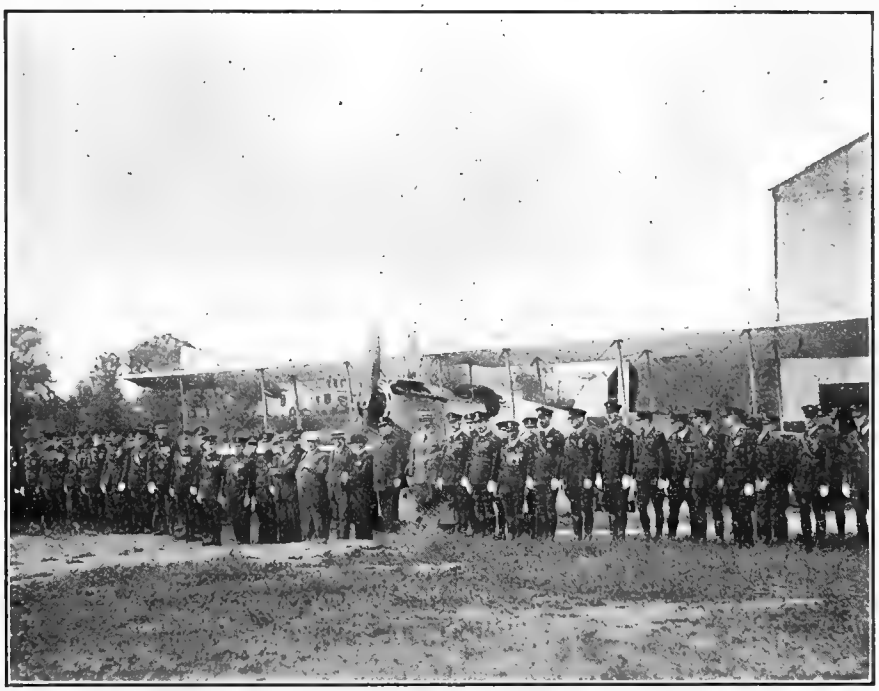
pendent units, each with its commander and staff appointed by the Special Deputy commanding the entire Reserve.

The uniform worn by the Reserves is of the same color as that of the regulars, but in design bears a close similarity to the army uniform, the tunic being tight fitting, instead of semi-fitting, and with lapel breast pockets, as in the army. The shields, while similar to those in the regular department, are different in design and wording. The uniforms are furnished free to the members, but without cost to the city through a specially contributed fund.

The organization consists of four regiments, one battalion and two bands, and seven special units. One or more companies of the Reserve are assigned to police precincts throughout the five boroughs, these companies being commanded by their own officers, who are under the command of the regular Police Department officer in charge of their respective precincts. The regular Police Inspector in charge of a Division is in command of the Reserve regiments within his Division. Whenever the Reserves are used for police duty they are under the command of the regular officer in charge, the Reserve officers take all their orders from this officer, but Reserve officers are not empowered to issue orders to members of the regular police department.



Reserve Aviators Line Up for Review

SINCE most of the members of the Reserve are regularly employed by day, their work as volunteer policemen for the most part is done at night. The exception to this is on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Their tour, when assigned to patrol work, is of four hours, or half the tour for members of the regular department. The assignment of tours for the following week is made by the captains of reserves in each precinct. The value of the Reserve is well exemplified on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays when traffic is heavy and great crowds throng the parks, public places, ferries and terminals. It is then that the problem of adequately policing a city of such far-flung borders, vast population and varying elements as New York taxes the resources of the regular department. The effectiveness of a well-trained, alert and intelligent body of volunteers in assisting in this work has been demonstrated on many occasions and is becoming increasingly evident. Members of the Reserve have proved their mettle in helping to keep order at the ferries, in directing traffic, handling crowds at public meetings, and in patrol duty at times when an unusual flurry of crime has made extraordinary demands on the vigilance of the regulars.

The infantry branch of the Reserve, as it is called, is divided into the following units:

Sixth Regiment, consisting of companies in precincts of Manhattan and the Bronx; Colonel John D. Newton, commanding.

Tenth Regiment, consisting of companies in Brooklyn precincts; Colonel Frederick M. Thompson, commanding.

Twelfth Regiment, consisting of Brooklyn companies; Colonel Frederick H. Finch, commanding.

Thirteenth Regiment, consisting of Queens companies; Colonel Finch, temporarily commanding.

Seventh Battalion, consisting of companies in Richmond; Major Joseph S. Fabregas, commanding.

The special Unit Divisions of the service are as follows:

Headquarters, Colonel Oscar H. Williams, commanding.

Mounted Troop C, Captain G. Herbert Patterson, commanding.

Aviation, Colonel H. Brewster Hobson, commanding.

Marine, Major Walter Spiegel, commanding.

Medical, Colonel John W. Edwards, commanding.

Information, with headquarters in Brooklyn, Major W. W. Butcher, commanding.

Pistol Instruction Unit.

The duties of the special units are clearly defined and so co-ordinated that they will operate to the smooth and harmonious functioning of the Reserve as a whole, the United States Army furnishing the pattern for this as it does for the regimental organization of the Reserve. Among them are some of the most distinguished men in professional and business life in New York.

The officers and men of Mounted Troop C, about 65 strong, are used for patrol duty in Central Park. They are all men of position in the business or professional world, and good riders who materially help to keep the city's greatest park free of criminals, to direct traffic and avert accidents. They furnish their own mounts and defray the expenses of their keep.

The Aviation Division is an active branch in patrolling the harbor and waters around New York City. The division has three hangars in Police Park, with as many seaplanes in active use, two others being in the repair shops at present. The planes take off from the waters of the Narrows on which the park fronts, and just at present during the summer encampment there are flights, either on regular patrol duty or for practice or instruction. Admission to this unit is eagerly sought by many venturesome youths for whom the lure of flight is strong, but the training for it is highly technical and arduous and the aeroplanes are operated only by men who have qualified as flyers or mechanicians. One of the most daring of the Reserve flyers, and one most constant in his attendance at the field, is Lieutenant Eugene ("Smoky") Rhoades, who as one of the crew of the NC4 made the

(Continued on page 39)

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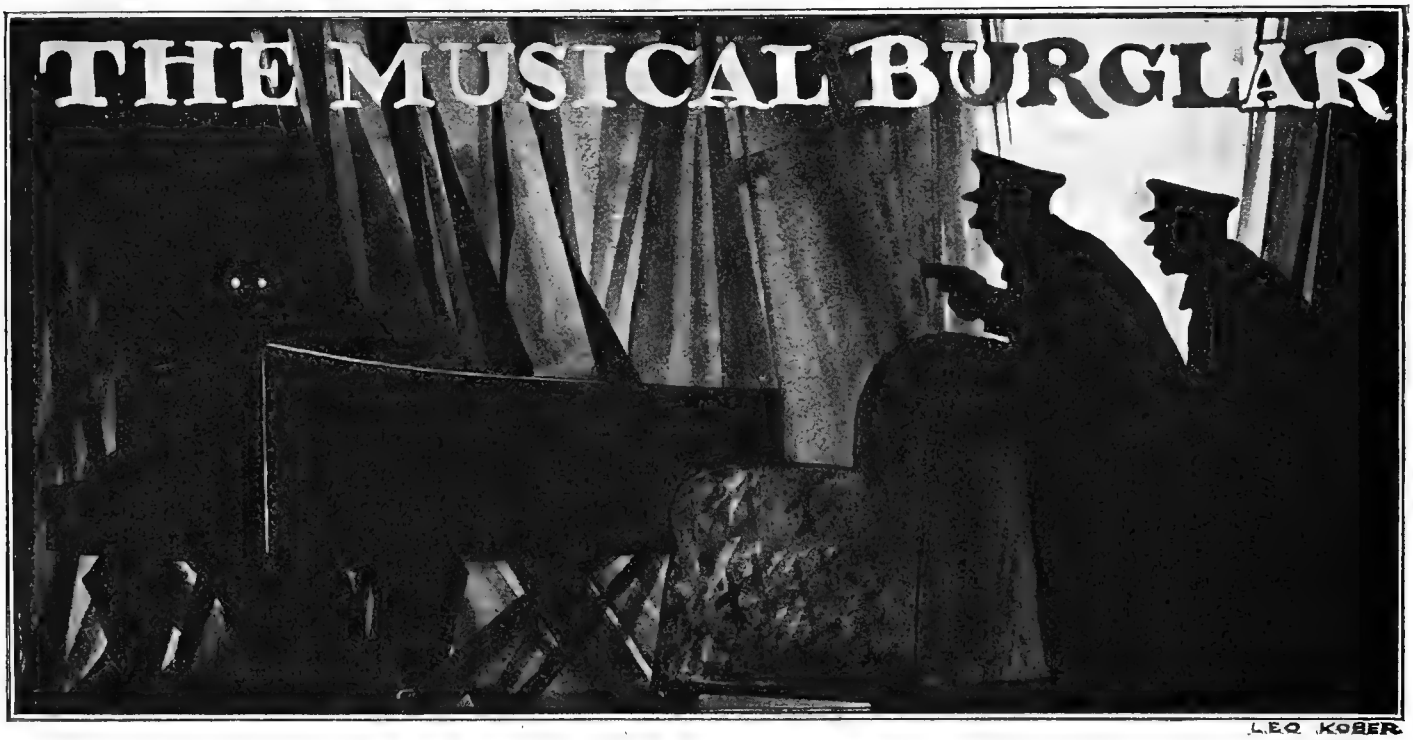
THE MUSICAL BURGLAR



By Patrolman William Magill Millar, New York

A Prize Story

THIS is a Police Magazine Prize Story—the work of a patrolman who also won a prize in the Police Department prize contest in April.

All those who enjoyed "Whoa, Lion!" in the May number of the Magazine will like this second contribution by Patrolman Millar.

Here is a story characteristic of that merry corps of men—the police. Noted for their good humor, the bluecoats are great tellers of laughable yarns. This one has the veritable tang of the police story-teller in it. It is presented as Patrolman Millar wrote it.

I HAD made a midnight appointment with a millionaire Police Reserve captain who, despite all his money, is tickled to death to hobnob with the boys in blue.

And say, when a fight starts, and he's around, you can always see him slashing out for his friends, the cops. And fight!—man, he is a fighting fool.

But for all his experience in the Reserve he had never done a late tour—and therefore our appointment. I met him at Fifty-first Street and Fifth Avenue at 12.01 a. m. on one of the coldest nights that ever blew out of the Heavens. My post was from Forty-eighth to Fifty-first Street along Fifth Avenue, and except for a few fresh-air fiends we were the only persons in sight.

In greeting I said, "Captain, for your own sake, I wish you had picked a summer's night for your late tour." But he was as nervy as you please.

"Tut, tut," says he, "I love just such nights as these," and really he looked it, for his neat blue uniform was the perfection of the tailor's art and it set off a splendid physique that some fifty-five summers had failed to spoil.

Well, lad, we started to patrol and we talked till we were tired. He told me about his college days and sports and I brushed him up on the rules of the department and its traditions.

To go on with my story—we had tried the doors and made twenty or thirty laps of the entire post when the skipper grudgingly admitted it was getting colder and asked the time. This was old stuff. It was too cold for him to open his coat and get out his watch.

I looked at my wrist clock and it was just 1.55 a. m.

"Bah," says he, "I thought it was around four o'clock."

We made a few more laps over the beat and he began to show the effects of the weather. The warming effect of his late supper was slowly vanishing. And then, all of a sudden, new life was injected into us.

"Hark," says I, "There goes the green-eyed sergeant." It was the flashlight at Forty-eighth Street beginning to blink.

"Now, do your best, captain, we don't want any of the boys to be catching burglars for us tonight"—and we sprinted for the box.

I grabbed the receiver and reported Millar on 29, and the Sergeant shot back—"Burglars at No. —— West Fifty-seventh Street."

"Righto!" said I, hailing a night-hawk taxi with one arm the while. As we dashed for the cab I explained things in jerks to my "buddy." In a jiffy we arrived on the scene of what were to be our adventures and our honors.

"Long Jim" O'Toole, a private watchman, was already on hand and firmly ensconced in the front doorway with the street handy. He was bellowing like a bull that no burglars would escape from that house except over his dead body.

My first thought as I leaped out of the taxi was that it would be a dumb burglar indeed who would stick around with all that racket at the front door.

We pushed through a crowd of night-hawks and past O'Toole, who turned and screamed into the house in red headlines, "Here's the cops now, Margaret."

Margaret and Sadie were two maids we found in the front hall, still at the telephone telling the sergeant at the station house all about the burglars. Two game little Irish girls they were, staying in there where the big watchman would not have stayed at any price.

The girls quickly explained that they had heard strange noises on the top floor and had called O'Toole,

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who had protected them—from the outside—while they had telephoned.

WELL, you should have seen my bucko millionaire "buddy." He was mad for action and could hardly wait for the girls to finish their story before he broke in with:

"We'll find out how they got in and then search the house and see if they are still here."

"Righto!" said I, "Have you your gun out?"

"Out?" said he, as we made our way up the stairs to the roof door. "I've had it out since we left the signal box."

"Well," said I, as a precaution, "keep it pointed down, and if you run into anyone fire a shot at his feet. If he doesn't elevate his hands pronto, say it with lead."

TO our astonishment the roof door was fastened and the back windows were tight. We were beginning to feel disappointed as we finished our search and met the maids again on the first floor.

"Ladies," said I, "everything is O.K. I guess. Maybe you were staying up late listening to some of O'Toole's ghost stories and were a little nervous."

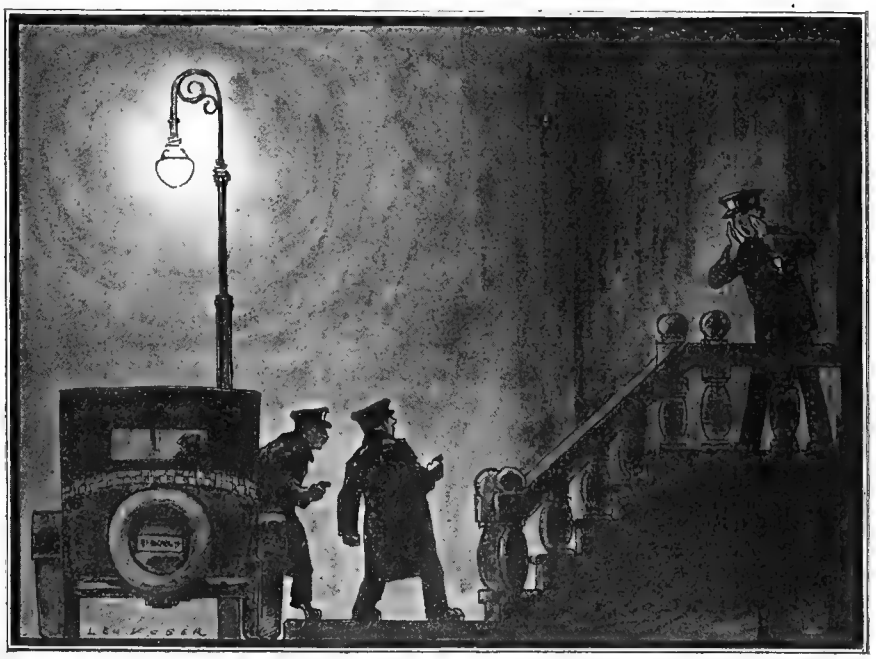
Margaret, being a game little girl, admitted that O'Toole had been telling some good stories in the kitchen as he was having a little tea with them as a night cap. But she was also emphatic in her assertion that they had heard some very strange noises from uptsairs. She was much relieved to find that the master's goods were intact and thanked us profusely.

We were about to leave when she remembered that it was a cold night and asked us if we would partake of some of the master's refreshments. I nodded and looked for confirmation at my "buddy." Being a little more cautious than I, he asked whose house we were in. Margaret gave the master's name and the captain said, "Why I just left him at the Union League Club."

"Yes, he's stopping there, the folks being away."

"Good!" says the captain, "he has a grand cellar." Sadie in the meantime had coaxed "Long Jim" in from the hallway and he joined whole-heartedly in the refreshment project once he found everything was safe. So Margaret brought out a variety of bottles and glasses.

I selected a bottle that was labelled in attractive fashion and filled glasses for the crowd. We were just pledging our gratitude to Margaret and Sadie, who smiled approval, when our arms froze in their ascent.



"Long Jim" was on the steps bellowing so all the world could hear that any burglar that left the house would have to pass over his dead body.

Heavens, what a racket came from the floor above. Margaret and Sadie nearly fainted and Long Jim dashed for his post at the door—making a strategic retreat, as the army folks put it.

"What the ——— was that?" sputtered the skipper.

"Don't know," said I, setting my glass down carefully on the table, "but we'll soon find out."

"Get your gun out and follow me," said I, as I made the stairs in two jumps—or three. On the second floor landing we again heard the noise. It came from the front parlor or music-room. "That's a piano," whispered the skipper as we listened.

The racket started up again as the intruder ran his hands in a kind of clumsy manner across the keys of a piano.

"Well," said I in a whisper, "we sure have got him this time. You keep your flashlight out and be ready to shoot. Follow me as I open the door, and take cover right away. And now remember, no light till I say the word."

No sooner said than done. I slid the door back and quickly leaped in, taking cover behind a big settee. The skipper was right at my side. I tell you it was a pleasure to be working with a man like him.

We felt a new kind of shiver as we stooped down behind the settee in that dark room. There was only the glimmer of a street light through the curtained windows and it was as dark and as quiet—and as inspiring—as King Tut's tomb. We thought we had got rid of the goose pimples when we came in out of the cold, but here they were again.

I strained my eyes as I tried to make out the objects in the room one by one. Chair—bookcase—table—I tallied. Ah, piano, and I gave the skipper a nudge.

He dutifully raised his gun and I grasped his hand and pointed his pistol at the piano. He held it straight and tapped me with his left hand to let me know he was ready. So we waited and things began to get clearer as our eyes became accustomed to the light. Then of a sudden we heard a noise behind the piano and a head bobbed over the top.

It looked with big green eyes around the room and finally centered its stare on us.

"Step out and grab the sky, mister," I command in no uncertain tones as I took good aim. But never a word says he—only continuing to stare over the protecting music box. Again I work up my courage and try to coax him.

"This is a police officer. Step out or I'll fire at you. Quick now, or I'll brain you."

Still not a word or a move. Well, duty is duty, and

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although I wanted a prisoner and not a dead man, I was never particular.

But never a move—nothing but that confounded stare!

Man, I began to lose courage and I felt my partner trembling as we waited a second and thought of home and glory. Glory didn't appeal to me as much as did home.

So I said, "Give him hell, skipper," and pulled the trigger of my .38.

"Bom, Pow, Bom Brrrrrrrrrrrrm!" "Two guns blazed in the dark" as Service put it in his famous poem, "The Shooting of Dangerous Dan McGrew." And just as in the poem—"a woman screamed." Sadie and Margaret were rousing the neighborhood downstairs. "The lights came on"—that is, the flashlights. "Two men lay stiff and stark," goes the poem. Did I say two men?

NOW what do you think we found behind that piano, which we had riddled in our eagerness to perforate a burglar's noodle?

Why, to our consternation, all we found was a big Maltese tomcat, deader than a salted mackerel. A steel jacketed bullet had caught him right between the eyes and there was not even a twitch left in his beautiful tail.

And, man alive! that wonderful music box was a sight; it looked as if the Sixty-ninth Regiment had used it for a target for a month.

However, we did not need any music just then, for the screams of the maids were making a concert with the roars of "Long Jim" down in the street calling for help for two poor police officers shot to death by burglars.

Between them they certainly did arouse that quiet neighborhood and bring a dozen cops and a million or so citizens to our aid—or disgrace?

Well, it was a mean job explaining to those hard-boiled brothers of mine and those maids. Their tears for that infernal cat surely were like medals for us. Therefore we quickly and quietly left that upset domicile amid guffaws and bright remarks from "Long Jim" about our nervous trigger-fingers.

Oh, it was a time when I would liked to have gone out in that invisible cloak that the fairy stories tell about. What made it worse was that we had to abandon the bottle we had uncorked and leave it for the real heroes of the night.

The skipper felt as bad as I did and, as we hurried down to the signal box to report, he told me not to worry. He promised to explain it all to the master of the house and to make good for the interior decorations, the music box and that blasted cat. I got another tongue-lashing from the desk sergeant and then, as if that weren't enough, a special one from the lieutenant. I was glad the wire separated us so that they could not see the chagrin that was written on my face.

"What time is it?" broke in the captain as I finished my report.

"Three thirty," said I.

"All right," said he, "we'll make a fast lap and see if everything is O. K. on post." We did, and by four o'clock we were nearly frozen.

It was through chattering teeth that the skipper finally managed to say "Dash it, I never thought eight hours on the street was so long." And so far as he was concerned it wasn't to be any longer.

Fifteen minutes later we stopped by mutual consent in front of his mansion on Fiftieth Street and the skipper invited me into his home.

"No," said I, "the boss might get me off post, and I don't want another complaint tonight."

"Well, good night," says he, "I'm nearly frozen and I certainly am sorry for you and all the rest of our faithful boys on the streets tonight."

"Good night, captain," said I, as I watched him go into that steam-heated Heaven. I'm afraid my tone dropped rapidly in that speech.

Five minutes later I greeted Old Joe, watchman in a block of steam-heated flats for the first time that night.

"Where have you been, mate?" said he. "Couldn't speak to an old pal, could you? What is the matter with you, acting as if you were crazy.

"And who was your friend—the other cop? You might have brought him around. I wouldn't have minded."

I did not satisfy his curiosity. I was glad enough to be alone on the beat.

The Cop

By Lieutenant Max M. Bekker, New York

HAVE ever you, in your life's station,
Felt things are not as they should be;
Have ever you damned your vocation
And thought Fate dealt you cruelly?

Cheer up; your path may not be easy,
It may have ups and downs a lot;
But I know one that's not as pleasing—
And that's the job of bein' a Cop.

In summer heat and winter's fury;
In drenching storms and biting sleet,
There stands the sentinel on duty;
The soldier of the city street.

No trumpet call, no martial music,
No comrade's song to cheer him on;
He fights and dies alone, with duty
His one incentive, deep and strong.

And whether it's assassin's bullet,
Or burning house, or watery grave;
He faces them with fearless spirit,
Undaunted, stronghearted and brave.

The lost babe finds in him a mother;
For the unfortunate he does his part;
He's kind to one, yet to another
He strikes grim terror to the heart.

The lawyer and his learn'd opponent
Delve deep in books to find their cue;
The cop on post must, in a moment,
Know how to act and what to do.

So when you're sour and feel disgusted
With life and all that is therein,
Think of the cop; who, though mistrusted,
Smiles and bears his with silent grin.

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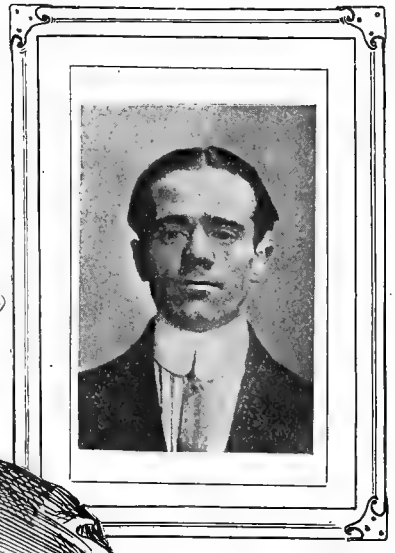
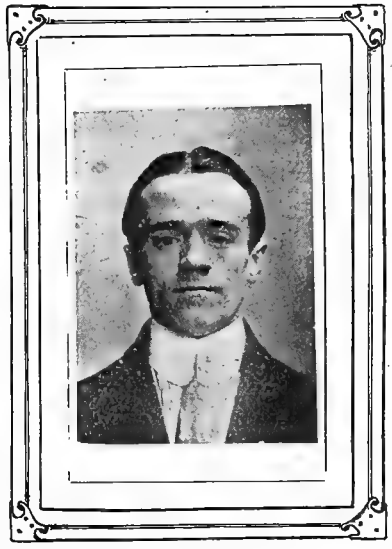
How Fingerprints Are Read

A Peep Behind the Scenes at Police Headquarters





Which is Which—A Puzzle

By Acting Captain JOHN A. GOLDEN, Commanding Criminal Identification Bureau, Police Department, New York City

THE two photographs at the head of this article are of the same man, are they not?

That is the obvious conclusion—yet wrong! There is a surprise for everyone in these pictures; in the fact that the two photographs are those of two separate men — indistinguishable one from the other by any ordinary test. As like as the traditional two peas in a pod.

This pair astonished even the veterans of New York's Police Headquarters by their indistinguishability on the occasion of a visit there. They are twin brothers, Charles and Frank Terry.

These twins were on the vaudeville stage at the time that they perplexed Police Headquarters with the problem of which was which. It was instantly suggested there that they ought to go into the movies in some dual role, confounding their audiences with their similarities.

When the two of them were together it was well nigh impossible to distinguish them apart; when they were separated it was impossible to tell which was Frank and which was Charles. They are of the same height, have the same complexion, the same voice and the same color of hair and eyes. They even smile alike.

The Terrys went down to Police Headquarters for a scientific test of the identification systems in use in New York City. After their photographs were taken it was clear as day that distinguishing between the two men by the ordinary comparisons of facial characteristics was impossible.

Nor did the Bertillon system help greatly, since their measurements were so nearly alike that had one of them been guilty of a crime under conditions that gave the police his photograph and measurements the other could easily have been convicted of it. Fortunately for the peace of mind of the police forces of the United States the Terry brothers are of the highest character.

IT has been said that the two men were indistinguishable from each other to the eye, and it is true. There is, however, one way by which they can be distinguished one from the other and that method was brought into play on the day of their visit.

The fingertips of their right and left hands were pressed on ink surfaces and imprints of the markings of those ten fingers were impressed on cards. At once the two personalities stood out separate and distinct. The fingerprints were sharply different.

THE outstanding fact about fingerprinting is that it furnishes positive and unimpeachable identification for every person on the globe. Most persons understand that general fact. But what comes after that? How is the identifying done? That is a question most laymen and even a large number of the police cannot answer.

THE following is intended to furnish laymen and police alike with an insight into the mysteries of fingerprint differentiation and classification:

The Single Clue

A MURDER has been committed as the result of a citizen having interrupted a gang of yeggmen engaged in blowing open a costly safe. The only clue to the criminals is a slightly smeared fingerprint on the attacked safe.

How do the police, building their case on the single fingerprint, go to work to trace the murderer?

Everyone knows that the police have hundreds of thousands of sets of fingerprints. But they are all of complete pairs of hands—ten fingers to each set—while this is just a print of one finger.

How do the police find that one finger among the millions? That question among others Captain Golden answers here.

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Look at your finger tips. You will see on them ten odd markings that nature impressed there at your birth and which will remain there long after your death—unchangeable, everlasting, inimitable, and at all times personal to you.

These fingerprints are as much a part of your personality as is the ego that makes you an individual. Not only will they exist with you so long as you are an actor on this sphere but they will also throughout your life differentiate you from all other men. You may find your counterpart in every other respect but you will never find another human being who has a fingerprint just like yours. That is the bold assertion of the experts—now for the explanation of the police application of that fact.

EVERYONE knows that there are small ridges on the palm of the hand that become marked at the tips of the fingers, where peculiar patterns appear. What most folk do not know is that each ridge is merely a string of tiny pores through which a greasy excretion is emitted. These emanations are largely composed of stearic acid, a corrosive agent found in animal fats.

This excretion is continuous. Though it is not always perceptible, it immediately makes itself manifest when the finger tip comes in contact with a smooth dry surface. The greasy matter is then transferred to the other surface, where it clearly outlines the skin ridges, thus producing what might be called a portrait of the finger tip in reverse and leaving a means of certain identification.

Obviously not all such prints are perfect. When they are obscure or semi-destroyed the police have a method of reinforcing them with fine powders which build them up through adhering to the greasy ridges and making these visible. For dark surfaces light colored powders are employed, and for light surfaces dark colored ones. In practice, marks that are supposed to be fingerprints are merely dusted with these powders. The surplus is then blown away, with the result that any fingerprint stands out sharply and can be photographed. Such a print is as plain as any ink imprint taken by the police.

NOW we will suppose that the police have a set of fingerprints of a person that they wish to identify. The question naturally arises, how do they do it?

LOOK at your fingertips again. You are practically certain to see on them one or both of the two great aids of the fingerprint experts. You are almost sure to find on some of your fingers one of these two patterns which form the two great divisions into which fingerprints fall.

WHORL

LOOP

Ninety per cent. of all fingerprints of all manner of men show one of these two designs; therefore they are the basis of the primary classification of fingerprinting. Looking again at the two designs you will see that the distinction between them is that in one case (on the left) the ridges of the skin make complete circles or ellipses while in the other (on the right) they sweep around a central point as a stream might sweep around a breakwater and then return in the direction of the original movement. These lines do not complete the circle.

The pattern on the left in which the ridges make the complete circuit around the center is very properly called the Whorl. Including certain minor classifications that are grouped with them, the whorls make up thirty-five per cent. of the fingerprints in the Caucasian race.

The other design, the Loop, provides sixty per cent. of the fingerprints of Caucasians. Including some minor designs that are grouped with it in the primary classification of the loop accounts for five per cent. of the prints.

Because all prints are readily divisible between the two of them, the loop and the whorl furnish the basis for a primary division of fingerprint classes.

As mentioned, there are a few minor patterns that deviate from these two principal ones, although they are grouped with them.

LOOK at your fingertips once more. You may find there one of these two patterns which are grouped with the loops in the primary classification.

ARCH

TENT

On the left appears a design which, like the loop and the whorl, takes its name from a well known common object. The Arch, as it is called, provides about five per cent. of fingerprints and because it is comparatively rare, is used as an important item in a secondary classification. Its principal characteristic is that unbroken lines swell up into an arched figure and return to about the level from which they started.

Difficulty sometimes occurs in distinguishing arches from the loops as the lines of demarkation between them are occasionally difficult to fix. Particularly is this true in the variation of the arch called the Tent which is shown on the right. Originally called the Tented Arch, this pattern has the appearance in its central diagram of an A tent supported by a pole; it is simply an arch in which a few of the ridges have run up into a sharp point in the middle of the pattern. It is distinguished by the upward thrust of the center ridges which have an abrupt ending without recurving, as do the lines of the loop.

WE now come to the minor classes that are counted with the whorl in the numerical classification. These account for about five per cent. in the total thir-

(*Continued on page* 20)

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Fingerprints Make Ten Men One

Outdoing many actors in make-up ability, Paul Diamond, by the use of natural means and without any artificial aids, presented these various appearances when photographed in different cities. Only his fingerprints identified him.

Google

The Forged Fingerprint

THE police of an European city were greatly mystified a few years ago when they found at the scene of a crime a fingerprint that was readily identified as that of a well-known criminal who was at the moment safely in jail.

They puzzled over this case for quite a time before something in the print attracted the attention of an unusually acute detective and he unearthed a set of rubber gloves on which a false fingerprint had been etched by some laborious process for the purpose of throwing the police off the track of the real criminals.

It developed that a murderer had employed this device to enable him to have plenty of time to get away. He had left the false fingerprint so plainly in evidence that the police naturally had spent some little time in making sure that the man whom it indicated was safely behind bars.

This was a new development in the fingerprint industry and for a time it nonplussed some of the European police. They thought that the apparently infallible system might have developed a flaw—but triumph was to come to them in the long run and it was to be shown that even false fingerprints could not be successfully employed.

So important was the rubber glove trick considered in Austria that Professor Klein of the University of Vienna made a special study of the subject. He announced at the meeting of the International Police Congress in Vienna in 1923 that he had found a sure method of detecting false fingerprints.

Primarily he had discovered the criminals put the rubber gloves on their sweaty foreheads or palms in order to leave a false fingerprint composed of exactly the same stearic acid as a genuine one.

Because of that fact his first attempts to detect false prints by chemical reaction had been failures. He thereupon had set himself to find some other means of revealing the false print and had discovered that in every case tiny bits of rubber were left with the stearic acid on the fingerprint surface. These particles of rubber were too small to be shown by the microscope, but by the means of a reaction well known to chemists he had succeeded in obtaining characteristic crystals which indicated the presence of the rubber on the fingerprint surface. "Fingerprints can no longer be forged," he said.

(*Continued from page* 18)

ty-five per cent. of whorl prints. An important member of this group is this design. Look on your fingers for it.

CENTRAL POCKET LOOP

At first glance this might appear to be merely a loop. But on close observation you will notice that it has at the center of its diagram a small elliptical figure that does not appear in the plain loop. Where a straight ridge forms the central line of the plain loop, there is in this "Central Pocket Loop" an elliptical or circular figure which is called the "Central Pocket."

NEXT there comes the Lateral Pocket Loop in which one loop is seen pointing over or around another one which has the elliptical pocket that was also shown in the central pocket loop.

LATERAL POCKET LOOP

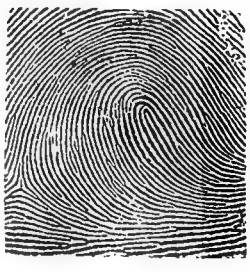
STILL another design is called a "Twinned Loop" from the fact that there are two perfect loops disposed side by side but pointing in opposite directions.

TWINNED LOOP

Besides the patterns shown there is a very minute class of prints called Composites or Accidentals in which combinations of the foregoing designs occur.

THE loops that make up almost two-thirds of all prints are not all alike. Of them there are two distinct varieties which are used as important factors in the secondary classification of prints. This division of the loops is based on the direction in which their ridges run. These ridges slant in two fashions; in one case the point of the loop is directed toward the side of the hand on which the thumb appears while in the other case, the point is directed toward the outside of the hand. The two kinds of loops are illustrated here with reference to the thumb sides of the hands.

Thumb ➞
ULNAR LOOP



Thumb ➞
RADIAL LOOP

(*Continued on page* 48)

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By H. L. Gates

Formerly Editor of the London Daily Sketch, London, Eng.

"PLEASE tell us something about the London Bobby?" I think, during my present visit to America—a visit home—I have been asked this question a score of times. And of all the things which I, the American newspaper man suddenly thrust into the newspaper world of London, can say of the British "Bobby," I think the narrative of my first experience with him—and with Scotland Yard, is, perhaps, the most illuminative.

It must be, in a measure, a personal narrative.

An American woman, new to London and its mysteries, made her new home in Hampstead, which is to London what Washington Heights is to New York. It was her custom to go to and from the Bond street section—which is equivalent to New York's Fifth avenue district—by taxi. Occasionally the taxi fare to her home from the neighborhood of Piccadilly Circus, was 4 shillings—a dollar. This, invariably, would be the amount registered on the taxi meter. Quite often, however, the chauffeur would demand an extra two shillings—fifty cents more. His explanation would be that as Hampstead was so far from the center of London he would have to make the return trip without passengers and that, therefore, it was proper that the passenger should pay the extra two shillings.

When remonstrated with the chauffeurs invariably gave the same reply—that it was the traffic rule to make this extra collection.

An English friend, to whom this matter of an extra fare to Hampstead was mentioned, informed the American woman that there was no such traffic rule in London; that Hampstead was within the four mile zone and that, therefore, the meter rate only was lawful. This British friend advised the American to take the number of the next taxi chauffeur who made the extra charge and report it to Scotland Yard.

Which the American did.

THE complaint was posted in the neighborhood letter box, addressed to the Commissioner, New Scotland Yard. It was posted just before twelve o'clock noon. Shortly after three o'clock a London Bobby appeared at the servant's entrance of the American's home, and asked an interview with Madam. In his hand he held the letter of complaint.

"I am instructed by the Commissioner," he explained, "to show you this complaint and report to him if you acknowledge it as made by you."

The American, somewhat bewildered, read her letter and assured the policeman that it was the letter she had posted but a few hours before.

"I am instructed by the Commissioner, Madam," the policeman then said—and I quote his words as he uttered them—"To ask you if you are positive that you correctly recorded the number of the chauffeur complained against."

When assured that this had been done, the Bobby's next statement—for they were not questions, but statements, was:

"I am instructed by the Commissioner, Madam, to ask you if you fully understand the questions I have asked you and if the answers you have made are correct?"

One may imagine the reply the policeman got from the American. He received it without comment, and departed after saying:

"I am instructed by the Commissioner, Madam, to say that he is sorry you have been troubled and that a complete investigation will be made of your complaint."

AT nine o'clock the next morning the same Bobby appeared at the servants' entrance.

"I am instructed by the Commissioner to say, Madam, that one James Hunnywell, a chauffeur, is now in custody charged with defrauding you of the amount of two shillings at—such and such a time. I am instructed by the Commissioner to say that the James Hunnywell under custody admits that he over-collected the sum of two shillings from you and that he wishes to apologize and the Commissioner wishes to know if you will receive his apology."

The American replied: "Of course I will receive his

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apology. I do not want anyone to get into trouble. But I think the police should stop the practice of overcharging by taxi drivers."

"I beg your pardon, Madam," said the Bobby. "Do you desire that I am to report to the Commissioner that you think New Scotland Yard should do something more than it is now doing to stop the practice of overcharging by chauffeurs?"

"Oh, put it your own way," exclaimed the American.

"I beg your pardon, Madam, but it is against the regulations for me to express your wishes in any manner not expressly stated by you. I am authorized by the Commissioner only to repeat your words."

AT noon the same Bobby again appeared. This time he brought with him two shillings, refunded by the chauffeur under arrest, and a letter signed by him, addressed to "Dear Lady" and humbly asking pardon and consideration for his wife and family.

"I am instructed by the Commissioner, Madam," the policeman explained, "to hand you this letter and the two shillings and to take your receipt therefor."

"That is good," the American assured him. "Now please let the man go, and give him back his two shillings. Only make him promise not to overcharge us Americans any more.

"Do I understand, Madam, that I am to report to the Commissioner that you do not wish to receive the two shillings and that you wish the man dismissed?"

When assured that this was the case the Bobby went away shaking his head.

WITHIN an hour another policeman appeared.

"I am instructed by the Commissioner, Madam," this one began in the same ritual, to "ask you if the report made by Officer So-and-So, that you do not wish to prosecute James Hunnywell, was correct, and to ask Madam, if it is correct, Madam's reasons for not wishing to prosecute James Hunnywell."

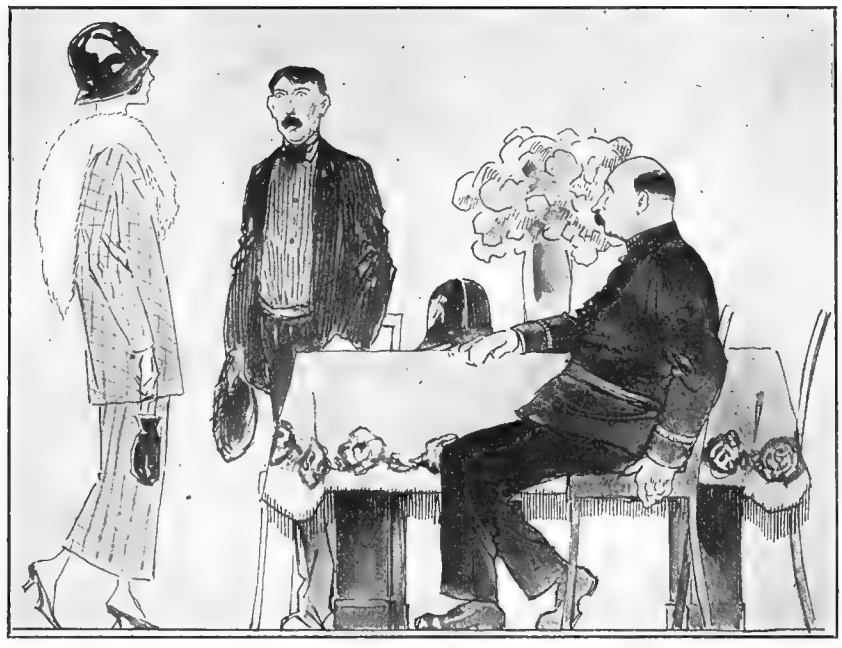
"Oh, for Heaven's sake, I don't want to be bothered any more. Send the man home with my blessing and please, officer, won't you stop in the kitchen and have a glass of port?"

AT twenty minutes past five o'clock, the same day, an Assistant Inspector of Scotland Yard appeared—also at the servants' entrance. "I am instructed by the Commissioner, Madam,"—the same beginning—"to ask you to make a report to me of the manner in which officers of Scotland Yard have caused you trouble, and to report to the Commissioner any complaint you may have to make against Officers So-and-So who have been sent by the Commissioner to see you."

"Good Lord!" the American exclaimed. "I have no complaint to make. You have been very efficient. I did not know there would be so much routine about complaining against a poor chauffeur. Please tell the Commissioner I am very pleased with his men and that I am pleased with the investigation of my complaint—but please let the man go home!"

THE American thought this would be all. No.

"I am also instructed by the Commissioner, Madam," the Inspector added, "to call your attention to a report made by the officer who visited you earlier today to the effect that upon his departure from your presence you invited him to have a glass of port, a request with which he complied. I am instructed by the Commissioner to ask you if the officer made known to you a desire that you give to him a glass of port or if you were prevailed upon by any circumstances in his demeanor in your presence to make him such an offer?"



She Found the First Bobby and the Chauffeur Waiting

He was told that the American merely wanted the officer to have a glass of port and, also, that if he himself would stop in the kitchen there would be another glass for him. He stopped.

THE American went to a hotel for dinner that evening, and then to a supper club. It was well after midnight when she returned—to find the first officer who had called that day, sitting in the dining-room with—James Hunnywell.

"I am instructed by the Commissioner, Madam," he explained, "to say that prisoner James Hunnywell desires to apologize to you himself in person and to express his appreciation of your kindness in permitting him to retain the two shillings. I am also instructed by the Commissioner to say that if you still are of the wish that James Hunnywell be dismissed he will consider your request and if it seems possible to him, he will pass favorably upon it."

"Well, James," said the American to the prisoner, "I am sorry to get you into all this trouble, but really, you know, you mustn't overcharge people. What in the world do you do it for, anyway?"

"I beg your pardon, Madam," interrupted the officer, "the prisoner James Hunnywell is in custody and is not permitted to make statements of any nature without a warning." Then, turning to the prisoner, the officer said:

"James Hunnywell, before you answer the question as to why you overcharge persons, asked you by Madam in my presence, I must warn you that anything you say

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in reply may be used against you if and when you are brought to hearing before the Commissioner or the magistrates of His Majesty the King."

"I know," said James. "Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, I'll never overcharge again if you'll tell this bobby here that it's all right with you that I go along home to the Missuss. She'll be wonderin' now what's keepin' me out so late, and she'll blast me one in the eye when she learns the truth of it.'"

"Please, officer," the American said, "take him along and tell the Commissioner to let him go at once. And won't you both have a glass of port?"

"I cannot allow prisoner to have a glass of port without permission from the Commissioner," returned the officer.

"But you?" asked the American.

"I will be pleased, Madam."

Early next morning the officer came again.

"I am instructed by the Commissioner, Madam, to say that James Hunnywell has been released with an admonition, and to express to you the Commissioner's regret that you have been inconvenienced, and to say that he sends you his compliments."

And that is the London Bobby, and Scotland Yard. The American woman was my wife.

A Surprise for "Cabbie"

"TAKE me to 464 West 153rd Street," was the order of a white-haired man who entered a taxicab at 125th Street, New York. The taxi driver followed a route that took him four miles beyond the address to which he had been ordered to drive and then returned.

"That's very kind," said the passenger alighting. "No one else has driven me so far for $1.20."

"One dollar and twenty cents. What do you mean? Don't you see $4 on the meter," was the reply.

"Yes, I see that, but I always pay $1.20 for that ride."

"Well, you'll pay this time or I'll take you before Freddie House."

"Freddie House! Who's he?"

"He's judge of the traffic court and a personal friend of mine. You had better come across."

Here a policeman appeared and, apparently recognizing the passenger, asked the cause of dispute.

"Why, this guy won't pay me," replied the driver.

"Do you know who this guy is?" asked the policeman.

"No, and I don't give a Continental."

"Well, you may," said the policeman. "'This guy' is Magistrate Frederick E. House of the Traffic Court."

The taxi driver recovered his senses in time to gather that Magistrate House was directing the patrolman to issue a summons.

"You'll never have a chance to overcharge another fare," said the Magistrate.

However, Magistrate House experienced a change of heart and decided to take the man's address and think the affair over. An hour later the driver's wife and three children called to thank him for allowing the driver to continue work.

Jewelers to Honor Commissioner Enright

NEW YORK jewelers are to honor Police Commisioner Enright with a testimonial dinner to be given Wednesday evening, September 17, in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor. The affair is under the auspices of the Jewelry Crafts Association and is in the nature of a tribute to the Commissioner for his efforts toward protecting the jewelers in the metropolis from theft.

Governor Alfred E. Smith and Mayor John F. Hylan are to be among the principal speakers, while John W. Davis, presidential nominee of the Democratic party, has promised to speak if he can arrange his itinerary suitably.

General Charles Dawes, Republican vice-presidential nominee, is also expected to speak. Father William E. Cashin, chaplain of Sing Sing prison, is expected to deliver one of the most interesting addresses and there will be several other speakers, including representatives of the Army and Navy.

The speaking is to be preceded by an elaborate vaudeville programme which will include all the headliners appearing currently on the Keith Circuit. The speeches will be broadcast by radio for the first time at a jewelers' dinner.

The music is to be by the Police Glee Club and Hotel Astor orchestra. Arrangements have been made for ladies to attend and occupy boxes in the grand ball room. The attendance is not confined to members of the Jewelers' Crafts Association, but will include men representing the jewelry trade in general from New York and other cities. Many from Newark are to attend. The Jewelers' Circular, organ of the local trade says of the dinner:

> "The trade, in tendering this dinner to Commissioner Enright, feels it is paying a well-deserved tribute to this public official, who has always shown such a willingness to co-operate in any movement giving the industry added protection from thieves. It was through the commissioner's co-operation that the Fifth Avenue Jewelry District squad was organized several years ago. This squad patrols between 23rd St. and 59th St. and from Broadway to Madison Ave. It is composed of a special group of picked detectives who have given direct and positive protection to the new uptown jewelry district. This squad, which will be in attendance at the dinner, is constantly working with the uptown jewelry trade and is always ready to answer any calls sent out. They not only work to minimize crime in that district of the city but are also constantly on the lookout for suspicious persons in their vicinity. Through their years of training as detectives they know the habitual criminals on sight and drive them from the district before they can do any harm."

The committee in charge of the affair has as its members Charles Wendell of Wendell & Company, chairman; Henry Agate of the Bonner Mfg. Co., Newton H. Rogers of Hayden W. Wheeler & Co., Frank Schaller of Phoel & Schaller, Joseph L. Herzog of Jos. L. Herzog & Co., and Robert S. Tipping.

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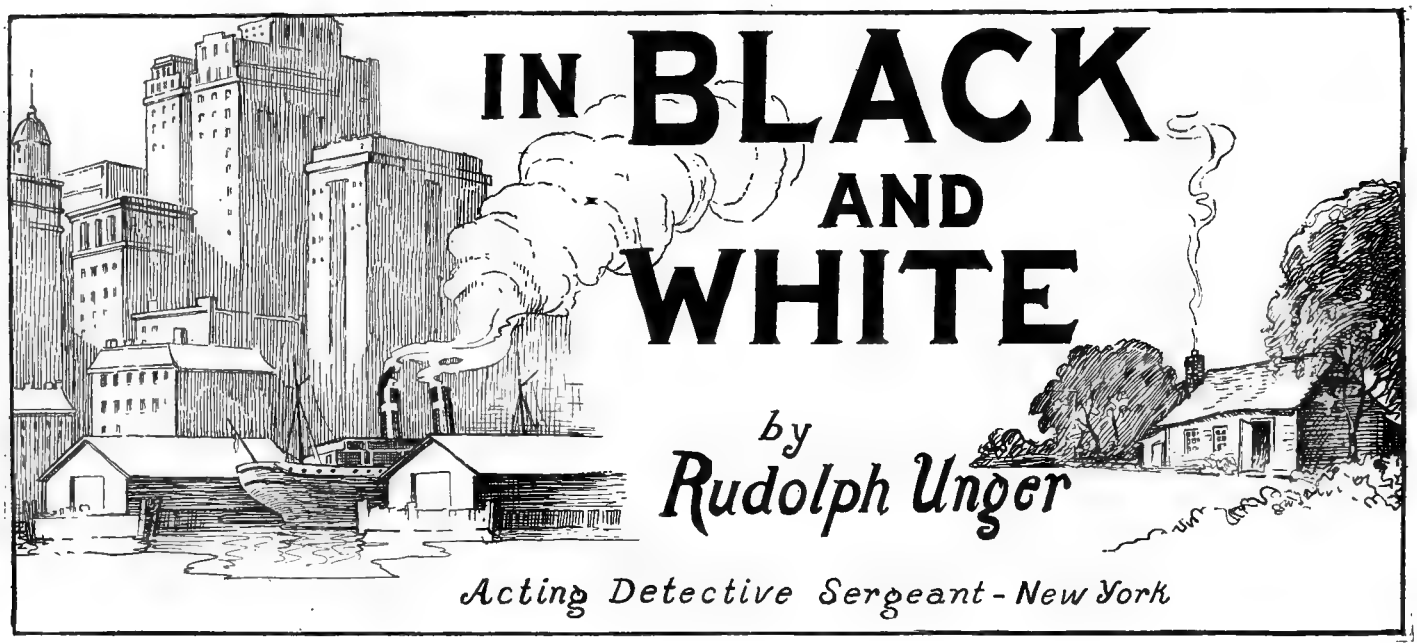

IN BLACK AND WHITE

by Rudolph Unger

Acting Detective Sergeant - New York

JACOB PRICE had breathed his last. My hope that he would regain consciousness, even if only long enough to stammer out a few important words, had been futile. The manner and mystery of the brutal assault which had ended in his death might have been cleared by a monosyllable. But he died before his lips could frame it and the secret died with him.

Jacob Price was not a person to be regarded as of any great consequence. The most remarkable thing he had ever done in the world was to leave it in this fashion. If he had been found dead from natural causes, or if he had lost his life in some accident in the street, it would have been a matter of no particular comment. But Jacob Price had been murdered, and this fact invested his mutilated form with a dignity it had never attained in life.

Why should anybody want to murder poor Jacob Price? He was a harmless, inoffensive chap, half vagrant, half peddler. Children in the tenement section of East 115th Street knew him for a poor, forlorn, shabby man, who often seemed insufficiently clothed and always looked hungry. He was too timid to get mixed up willingly in the troubles of others and too destitute to be an object of murderous avarice.

Yet they had found him on that morning in a cellar at the house at No. 3, his head beaten in. Near by was the instrument of assassination, a heavy iron casting moulded into a furnace shaker. Whatever the motive, the slayer had made a thorough job of it.

Indeed it was surprising that the emaciated body retained enough vitality to breathe at all. Somebody heard groans and found him where apparently he had lain over night. Despite the frightful nature of his injuries, he clung to his slender hold on life for several hours. During all that time I watched over him closely, waiting for a word that never came. Then he ceased to breathe.

The first and most natural question brought me up against a blank wall. I wanted to know what Jacob Price was doing there in the first place, and nobody seemed to know. He didn't live there. He was not even an occasional visitor. Not a single person, and I asked everyone who lived in the house, recalled seeing him about the premises. This in itself was not surprising, since many persons come and go about tenements of this kind without attracting attention, and from what I could learn of the peddler I could be sure he would not be likely willingly to draw notice upon himself.

However, I made sure that the janitor would be able to furnish information, janitors being proverbially suspicious of individuals who loiter about cellars of buildings under their supervision. This hope was very quickly disappointed through the simple fact that the tenement was temporarily without a janitor. The man who had held this job had left about a week before and a successor had not yet been appointed.

"Have you any idea where I could find the old janitor?" I asked a negro of the neighborhood.

"What you want of him?" the man asked by way of answer. "He don't know nuthin' about this business. Mr. Burroughs is a mighty nice man, and he don't bother nobody that don't bother him."

"Of course, not!" I said. "But I thought he might be able to tell me whether this peddler had been used to hanging around here and I could tell whether anybody had it in for the man."

"Who? Him? Say, Mister, let me tell you somethin'. Ain't nobody like that hangin' aroun' here when Mr. Burroughs was janitor. He never had nuthin' to do with folks like that."

THIS very estimable opinion of Mr. Burroughs I found to be pretty general and, indeed, as I afterwards learned, was very well grounded. Nevertheless none of the neighbors could tell me his whereabouts, further than a vague notion that he had a new job, "somewhere over on the West Side."

But I thought that such a man would scarcely disappear without some word to his old employer, and hunted up the landlord. He was able to supply me with his former janitor's new address, and in a short time Burroughs and I were in conversation.

I found him a very sensible fellow, and he seemed greatly shocked at what had befallen Jacob Price. He had some dim recollection of the peddler, but insisted

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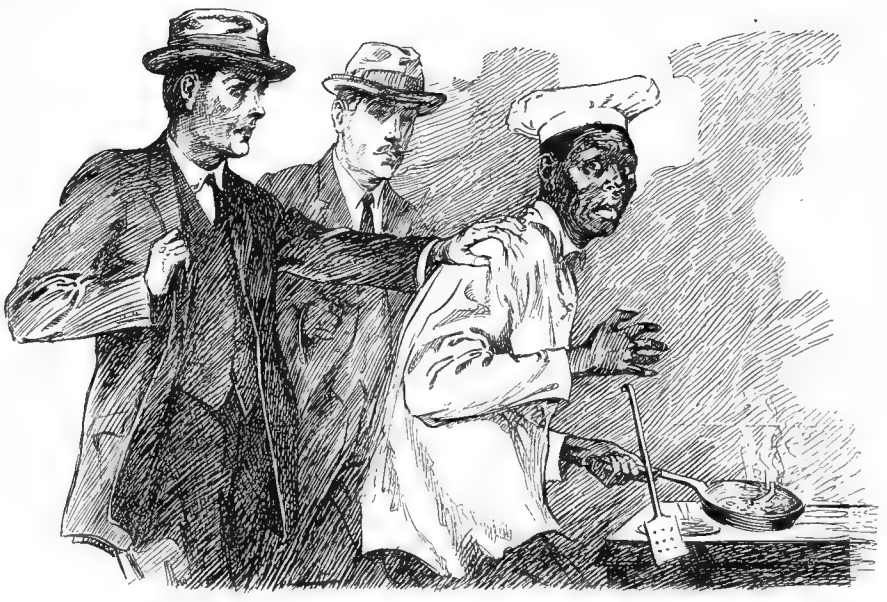
that Price had not been in the habit of visiting the 115th Street house when he was in charge. He couldn't imagine what the man had been doing there or what reason anybody might have for doing him an injury.

"I'm sorry I can't help you more, sir," he said. "If that shif'less Sam Price hadn't gone away, he might know. He was better acquainted with folks of that kind than I ever was?"

"And who is Sam Price?"

Burroughs looked annoyed, and then, half laughing, half angry, he told me.

"Sam used to be a boarder with me," he said. "He came up from the South a year or so ago. He was a good-natured colored boy in some ways, and my wife and I took him in while he was trying to find work. He was a cook, and I guess he was a pretty good one when he would work."



The Negro Started as I Touched Him on the Shoulder

"But the trouble with Sam was, he was so shif'less. Yessir, there was times when he seemed just plain ornery. He got to runnin' around with a fast set, spending more money than he ought to, and gettin' in debt where he could, and losin' his job. I don't know as he was what you'd call a bad fellow, but he certainly had his faults."

"Where is Sam now?" I asked.

"Why," said Burroughs with a laugh, "I'd like to know myself. You see, Sam just slid out one day. He took along a little change my wife had been savin' up, and he didn't leave a forwarding address."

"Your wife's money or his?"

"Her's. Sam wasn't just exactly what you'd call a savin' man. What money he had was usually spent before he got it."

IT developed that Sam had disappeared on the very day when Jacob Price was murdered. The coincidence was too striking to be passed over lightly. Burroughs said he had no idea where the man might have gone. Then he remembered that Sam had been running around with a girl named Wilhelmina, who lived on 118th Street. It was possible she might have some information.

Accordingly, I sought out Wilhelmina.

"Yessuh," she said in answer to question. "I did know such a person, but I don't know him no more. Furthermore, I don't want to know him no more. He done left me two souvenirs that I can't quite forgit him by, which is his photograph and a black eye, but as far as Mr. Sam Price goes, his acquaintance with me is out. Yessuh, most absolutely out."

I asked for explanations.

It seems as Wilhelmina related it, that after being attentive to her for some time, Sam had suddenly found society which pleased him better. He said that a good job had been offered him down South at "Batterton," and he was going there as soon as he got the money for railroad fare.

Wilhelmina concluded that he had gone until, dropping into a Harlem cabaret one evening, she saw Sam paying assiduous court to another damsel. Considering it her duty to upbraid him for his double-dealing, she had attempted to do so. Whereupon Sam hit her in the eye, assuring her there was more where that came from if she continued to disturb him.

Wilhelmina hadn't the faintest notion where "Batterton" might be except that it was somewhere "Down South." She consented to lend the portrait of her fickle admirer, however. By this time my desire to interview the dusky Sam had become almost an obsession, and I hastened to look up Batterton in a Postal Guide, determined to seek him in all the Battertons of the South, if need were.

Fortunately the field of investigation was narrowed at once to a Maryland hamlet of that name, the only one listed. Obtaining permission, I hastened to that place, taking Detective Ryan with me.

WE found Batterton a sleepy little place of perhaps 100 souls. Its only claim to distinction was that, not far away is the estate of a very wealthy man, reputed to be many times a millionaire. We hunted up the constable and explained our business.

He looked at us a moment and burst into laughter. The idea that two New York detectives should come to Batterton to hunt for a murderer struck him as irresistibly comic. He assured us that our man could not possibly be there.

"Why gentlemen," he said, "I know every darkey in Batterton, and if one of 'em was ever in New York, he stayed there."

We showed him Sam's picture, but he could not identify it.

"You might inquire over to ———'s place," he said, naming the millionaire. "They employ a lot of darkeys. But I don't reckon you're going to have much luck this trip."

We were of course disappointed, but decided we should go over to the estate, since we had come that far. As we approached it, we saw a handsome motor car coming towards us and hailed it.

(*Continued on page* 56)

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The Quest for the Magazine Cover Girl

Mystery and a Race Between Detectives to Find Her Mark the Disappearance of a Montclair Society Girl

(Transcribed from the Records of the Missing Persons Bureau by Edward Luce)

AFTER the Long Island clues to the whereabouts of Schafer and Miss Edeson literally vanished in thin air, Captain Raye left Foster hunting around Mineola for further information and returned to his office and his plan to put pressure on Meeroubjian.

The art dealer, he felt, must know where Schafer was hiding and he meant to extract the information from him, at whatever cost. Christmas was just two days away and he meant to have Helen Edeson back in Montclair for her brother's home-coming on Christmas eve if it should be anywise possible. So he had only one day in which to work. Speed was needed.

Detective O'Day, who had been his emissary in the endeavor to bring Meeroubjian down to Headquarters for the application of the Mental Blackjack, was waiting for the Captain.

"It's not easy, Chief," was his report, "I can't get Meeroubjian down here. He just won't come unless I put the handcuffs on him."

"How many times have you tried?" the Captain asked.

"Just came back from my third trip. I saw him each time. He says he's too busy to come down here and doesn't know anything, anyway."

"Well, I'm going to get that fellow down here and I'm going to get the story out of him if I have to go to the District Attorney with him," was the Captain's ultimatum. 'I'll attend to it myself, O'Day."

So there was a wintry snap to Captain Raye's voice as he called Meeroubjian on the phone for the fifth time, having been told fourfold that he was not in.

"You tell him if he isn't in when I call at 9:30 tomorrow morning I will send a man up there after him," was his ultimatum.

"Oh, excuse, Capitaine," answered a Latin voice, "Monsieur Meeroubjian have just come in. Here he speaks."

And at last Captain Raye closed his hand with the feel that he had something in it—something solid and useful. Something like a stick of dynamite wherewith to blast a hole through a blank wall.

Mr. Meeroubjian was very busy, he had no time, he politely explained, in which to travel to Police Headquarters. The trip would be all for nothing, because he knew nothing.

"But," said the Captain, "you know what is at stake—the happiness of a family—perhaps the lifetime happiness of a young woman. You wouldn't put your inconvenience against the spoiling of a girl's life, would you?"

"Certainly no, my Captain, but to go downtown, it is impossible for me just now. You can come up here, yes?"

Captain Raye felt he could feel the smile with which that invitation was launched, and he did not mean to give Meeroubjian that advantage. Many years' experience had taught him the value of Police Headquarters, with its heavy masonry and forbidding bars, as an aid in extracting information.

"No, I can't," said the Captain. "I'm a great deal busier than you are, and the District Attorney is to send for me any minute on this case. There are some queer ends to it that he's likely to look into if we don't find these people right away. One of the things will interest you, Mr. Meeroubjian, because it applies to one of your competitors.

"In looking up this Mr. Schafer we ran across the trail of a dealer who sold for $35,000 a genuine East Indian antique reproduction of the Taj Mahal—only our men have found that it wasn't an antique, but was

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THE Quest for the Magazine Cover Girl—Helen Edeson, a young society woman of Montclair who disappeared just before Christmas, 1923—involved a race between the detectives of the Missing Persons Bureau in New York under Captain Raye and S. Holmes Foster, private investigator.

It was early learned that she and an aged artist in Brooklyn had disappeared at the same time and immediately following the appearance at the artist's house of two mysterious men who said they were attempting to blackmail him. The only definite clue to the method of the pair's disappearance was obtained at Mineola, where it developed that they had gone up in an airplane that had never returned.

There were unexplained references to the existence of a double to the young woman. An especially keen interest was taken in the hunt by Morton Varney, a Princeton senior, who had proposed to the missing girl.

Captain Raye, as a final resort, had a detective who had been an art clerk resume his calling in the art stores and thereby trace a dealer who had been purchasing paintings from the missing artist, Schafer. The detective learned that this dealer, Meeroubjian, had sold to a wealthy woman for $35,000 a fake reproduction of the Taj Mahal, in India, which he had guaranteed to be a genuine antique. With this fact for a weapon, Captain Raye planned to use a Mental Blackjack on Meeroubjian to make him tell where Schafer and the girl were.

At the time this chapter opens Meeroubjian is still resisting giving any information to the police and Captain Raye has the Mental Blackjack ready.

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made in the dealer's own cellar by a couple of Greeks. We're after the Greeks now and when we find them the case will be all ready for the District Attorney."

Even over the telephone Captain Raye could sense that a change in the situation was taking place. He began to think that the gentleman he had called the "Coffee Colored Santa Claus" was going to come down and make him a Christmas present after all, and in a moment this idea was confirmed from the other end of the wire.

"Oh, Captain, are you there, Captain?" came the slightly tremulous voice of Meeroubjian.

"Right here," said the Captain, grimly—though he was smiling behind the screen of the telephone.

"I am, of course, always anxious to help the police," said Meeroubjian. "I shall be more than happy to come to Headquarters. How soon can I see you, Captain?"

"The shot went home. Brenner's information was all O. K.," was the Captain's thought, but "Right now is the time" was his speech.

"I can't leave here this minute," answered Meeroubjian, "but I will be down in a couple of hours. You can count on it. I will do everything I can to help you."

Whereupon the Captain brought in Brenner for further consultation as to the beautiful model of the Taj Mahal that Meeroubjian had sold. All that Brenner knew was that a fellow salesman who had formerly worked for Meeroubjian had seen the model made in the cellar of Meeroubjian's place and knew positively that it had been sold as a real antique.

The Captain Felt the Magazine Portrait Had Done the Girl's Beauty an Injustice

"Why that fellow hasn't sold a genuine historic antique in five years," exclaimed Brenner. "He's made every one of them. But this $35,000 trick with the Taj Mahal—that was the biggest thing he ever did."

"Well, I think that's good enough for us," said the Captain. "If I can't blackjack him into telling where Schafer is I miss my guess. If it were'nt for him the wall would be blanker than ever. Our other clues are all running out."

Meeroubjian's aversion to Police Headquarters and to appearing there was a very strong one and the developments of the next hour made Captain Raye suspect that the wily art dealer feared exposure of some of his other dealings even more than he feared a revelation of the Taj Mahal affair.

The first proof of this came with the appearance in the Captain's office of two members of the Detective Division whom he had never seen before. They told him that on their graduation from the Detective School the Detective Inspector had assigned them to work for a private detective agency that was supposed to be employed by the prospective defendant in a great conspiracy case. The inspector had told them to obtain employment with this agency on any terms possible and to report at intervals what they learned about the work of the agency in the conspiracy affair.

"Funny thing is, Captain, that we have been drawing double pay for two months now and worrying about it—because we haven't been able to get much on the conspiracy job."

"Well, what's this to do with me?"

"Coming to it, chief. It'll make you laugh. We've been sent over to shadow you. The boss at the agency got a rush order just now to see what you are doing and whether you are dealing with the District Attorney. What's it all about, Captain?"

"All about? It's all about the most monumental case of nerve that I've ever heard of. The idea of this cafe-au-lait rascal having me shadowed like a little whippersnapper shoplifter. We're trying to find a missing girl and a confounded Syrian up town is trying to cover up on the case. You're working for him or I miss my guess.

"What he wants to know is whether I am really going to the District Attorney as I told him. The old fox evidently smells a trap, and he has held me off for two hours to give you time to find out something about what I am doing.

"Now here's what you want to report, Franklin. You

(Continued on page 41)

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The Strike of 500,000

New York's Commissioner Gets a First Hand View of Berlin's Police Methods in Handling a General Strike

POLICE COMMISSIONER ENRIGHT of New York tells an interesting story of his experience in Berlin the day of his arrival there. He reached the Hotel Adlon in the morning and about eleven o'clock went around to present his respects to the Police President, Wilhelm Richter.

President Richter was cordiality itself and told Commissioner Enright the whole department was at his disposal for him to learn whatever he might wish from it. He called in several minor officers and introduced them to the Commissioner with instructions that they furnish him with all the aid in their power.

The conversations were conducted through an interpreter. Yet Commissioner Enright detected in the undercurrent of German speech some nervous feeling of tension. He asked the interpreter what it meant and was amazed to learn that President Richter was receiving him and giving him attention within thirty minutes of the time that a general strike was ordered for all Berlin.

The Commissioner had had no previous knowledge of this and as soon as he learned of it he excused himself on the ground that President Richter would have too much to do to give attention to visitors. The New Yorker started back for his hotel.

He had not reached the Adlon when the blow fell. The streets quickly emptied themselves of vehicles, street cars ceased to run, taxicabs vanished, restaurants closed their doors, and practically the entire service of the great city of two million persons came to a standstill.

At the hotel there was neither elevator nor food nor drink nor service of any kind. The Commissioner, luncheonless like the rest of the patrons, met in the lobby of the Adlon half a dozen American newspaper representatives who were keenly on the outlook for unusual happenings because of the great strike.

They told the Commissioner that the center of the demonstration was to be an open park some distance from the hotel and he proposed that they all go there to see what would happen. He was greatly interested in seeing how the Berlin police would handle such a demonstration as was proposed.

The only way to get to the center of the demonstration was to walk, so the little party made its way on foot across about four miles of Berlin. Where difficulties were encountered Commissioner Enright showed his badge and exclaimed, "Polizei Präsident, New York," and the gates opened to the party.

The newspaper men probably would never have gotten as near to the heart of the disturbance had they not had the Commissioner's aid. With it they reached the place where the parades were to center. There, by speaking to a commander of police, the Commissioner and his companions were enabled to get up on the roof of a car barn that overlooked the whole scene of operations.

Commissioner Enright says that he never saw anywhere else such a peaceful demonstration. It was estimated that 500,000 persons who had gone on strike paraded that day in protest against socialist activities.

They moved in vast silent columns from several different quarters, the parades entering the central square from several directions. On arrival there each procession turned about and made its way back to some outlying section of Berlin as peacefully as it had come.

No speech was uttered, no word was spoken. If it had been a procession of the deaf and dumb it could not have been more silent.

The Americans looked on at this vast outpouring in amazement, and about four o'clock when the parade was well over, started for home afoot, as before. There was not a vehicle to be seen on the four miles of streets they traversed. As they left the roof of the car barn the secret of the calmness with which the police had looked on at the demonstration in the square was revealed.

Underneath the roof on which the Americans had stood had been concealed three thousand Safety Police ready for a sortie in case of trouble. And this had been only one of several stations similarly equipped with a reserve of officers.

At six o'clock service in the hotels and on the streets was resumed as quietly as it had been abandoned and the great political demonstration of July, 1922, was at an end.

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Berlin's New Safety Police

"Green" Force Has Many Tasks and "Carries On" Despite Great Obstacles Caused by War's Aftermath

By Deputy Chief Inspector Samuel G. Belton

Former Inspector William T. Davis and Lieutenants John A. Golden and F. C. Kruse of the Foreign Police Commission Collaborating

IT is a tradition of the traveller that Berlin is ruled by its police to an extent unknown in any American city, and scarcely approximated elsewhere even in Europe. Going to Berlin we of the New York Police were received with the finest courtesy and were supplied with every piece of information for which we asked by the new Safety or "green" police, which have now completely succeeded the old, or blue, organization. We saw very little if any of the antagonism which is said to exist between the police and the populace in the German capital.

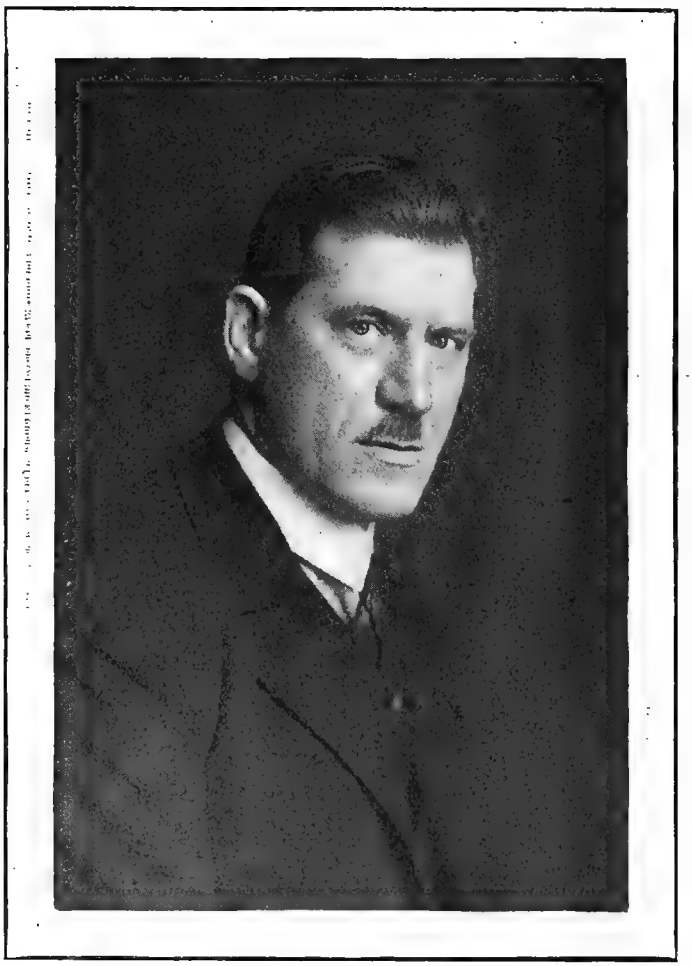
The police problem in Berlin at present is unusually difficult. Not only have the police there to cope with their share of the general after-the-war unrest, but their situation is rendered especially difficult by economic troubles and other causes. Fluctuating currencies more than anything else have made the life of the average Berliner hard to live and such things always mean something of an increase in the crime rate.

The Berlin police, like the police of all other capitals of nations involved in the war, have had unusual problems to cope with. That of violent crime has been troublesome. Besides this, they have been frequently called upon to quell riots as a result of the fact that political feeling has run very high.

In the face of these extraordinary difficulties the Berlin police have done surprisingly well because, principally, of their minutely perfect organization and the innate habit of discipline which characterizes the whole German people. The policemen are not better disciplined, for instance, than the policemen of New York, for they could not be, but the population is infinitely more disciplined and that simplifies the police problem.

The police of Berlin did not disappoint us. They furnished material as interesting as we had expected it to be. Their methods are worthy of the most careful examination by American police officials, not always, of course, with the idea of adoption, but almost always, where they differ materially from those in America, with some thought that in them may lie the germ of an idea which might be valuable to American cities.

The stranger visiting Berlin, of course, sees, almost first among Berliners, some member of the uniformed Police Force. Rarely, after his arrival, does he appear upon the street without seeing others. The uniformed police of Berlin are as nearly omnipresent as a police force could be. But they form by no means the entire strength of the Berlin Police.



Police President Wilhelm Richter, Berlin

There are seven directors of police in Berlin, and each of them has a branch or sub-branch of the Department under his charge. The divisions are as follows:

First—This division has charge of the enforcement of sanitary regulations, the building laws, naturalization affairs, the protection and regulation of strangers, whether from other parts of Germany or from abroad, with especial reference to hotels, lodging houses and the like. The first division also deals with the churches, charity organizations and beggars.

Another sub-section of the First Division deals with political matters, including conspiracies against the State, anarchists, strikes and industrial troubles of all kinds coming under police jurisdiction, the press censorpship and spies.

The extensive duties of this division will indicate at once that the police of Berlin, like those of every European capital, are national and governmental, rather than merely local agents.

The activities of the Second Division are wide, including such completely separated subjects as traffic regulations and obscene literature. They also include "marine," which covers the guardianship of the river and

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the properties connected with it, and this division has in charge various other divergent interests such as social welfare, the theatres and the motion picture shows.

It is the Fourth Division which is entrusted with the handling of criminal matters, and in this Division the organization which in New York is called the Detective Bureau is included. But many offenses which are regarded as definitely criminal in American cities seem to be somewhat differently looked upon in Berlin, for their supervision is entrusted to another Division of the police.

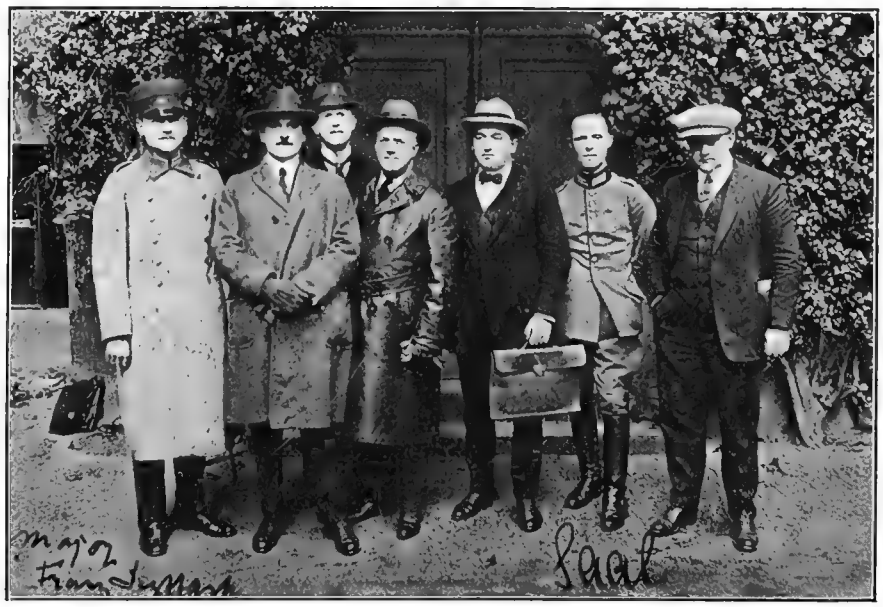
This is known as Number Four-A and covers gambling, profiteering (a very grave offense in Germany), horse-racing and the enforcement of the midnight closing law for restaurants, etc.

The B section of the Number Four Division is regarded as one of the most important in the whole Berlin force. It consists of the so-called "Moral Police" and has charge of prostitution and those matters which are generally spoken of as "vice."

The Fifth Division attends to the administration of the uniformed police.

In the Sixth Division are included the Administration, including the Police President and the headquarters personnel.

To the Police President the directors, one of whom is assigned to each of the divisions and sub-divisions listed, report.



The Foreign Police Commission of the New York Department. From Left to Right—Major Franz Seyffarth, Berlin; Deputy Chief Inspector Belton, New York; Chief Traffic Inspector, Berlin; Inspector Davis, New York; Captain Golden, New York; Captain Saal, Berlin; Lieutenant Kruse New York. From a souvenir photo characteristically autographed by Captain Saal.

BERLIN, a very much smaller city than New York, having a population of only about two millions, has a total force of more than fourteen thousand men. Its detective, or non-uniformed force, includes about two thousand.

Speaking generally, the organization is definitely military. The Berlin patrolman has much in common with a private soldier, and those who command him all are ranked in accordance with the regular German military classification.

This plan has both advantages and disadvantages. It insures for the more desirable and important positions on the force the service of men who have had high educational advantages, for these officials are recruited from among university men, military officers and professional men, but a disadvantage (to our minds) lies in the fact that the most desirable positions in the force are closed by this procedure to men who start without notable early advantages as ordinary policemen. The experience of every city in the United States probably would indicate, if studied, that such a system in America would have robbed its police organizations of some of their most brilliant men in days gone by and would do the same today.

THE more or less national character of the police in Berlin makes some problems fundamentally different from any police problem in America. It might be accurate to head this article "The Police of Germany," although in many respects the Berlin police are wholly independent of the national government.

Next to this fundamental difference the greatest divergence of the Berlin police organization from any known in the United States has been brought about by the imposition upon the police of certain duties that in New York, and generally throughout America, are entrusted to the magistrates. This procedure undoubtedly is a tremendous time-saver, making as it does the police the final arbitrating force with regard to most of the so-called minor offenses.

That there are certain definite advantages connected with this system is a fact undeniable, but in the minds of all American observers there is grave doubt as to whether it would work efficiently in the United States, where supervision of the ordinary citizen, even to the extent of registration, does not exist. The procedure is called the Police Punishment Procedure, is as follows:

When a Berlin policeman observes an individual in the act of the commission of a minor offense, such as violation of any of the traffic or motor car laws, the sanitary code, the regulations defining disorderly conduct, he is not under the necessity of issuing a summons or making an arrest. His procedure is to take the name and address of the offender, explain to him by word of mouth that he (the policeman) regards him as having been guilty of the named offense and inform him that later he will be notified by mail as to what the penalty for his wrongdoing will be.

When his tour of duty is ended an officer reports such an episode in writing to the lieutenant in charge in minute detail. He also spreads the case on the blotter. The lieutenant turns the matter over, in due course, to the commander of the precinct. The complaint then is examined in careful detail by the captain, who makes his own decisions with regard to it.

To each command three men are attached whose duty it is to fill out forms concerning such affairs, and, if the captain decides from the complaint that the officer's charge is justified, legal forms setting forth the whole

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matter are prepared. The complaining officer, on his next appearance at the station, is shown these and examines them. If he finds them in accordance with the facts as reported by him, he swears to the documents and signs them.

The captain of the precinct then examines the officer's statement, and, if he regards the offense charged as one warranting punishment, but sufficiently minor to deserve a fine of not more than thirty marks (normally $7.50) or imprisonment of not more than three days, he indorses on the paper a sentence that is within those limits. The offender is then notified by mail and is allowed two weeks in which to pay his fine or report for a jail term. If he does not do so, then he has aggravated the offense charged and the matter must go to the courts.

If, on the other hand, the captain of the precinct decides that the officer has over-estimated the gravity of the offense, he may acquit the person accused; if he finds the offense too serious for him to deal with summarily under this Police Punishment System, then prosecution is turned over to the courts.

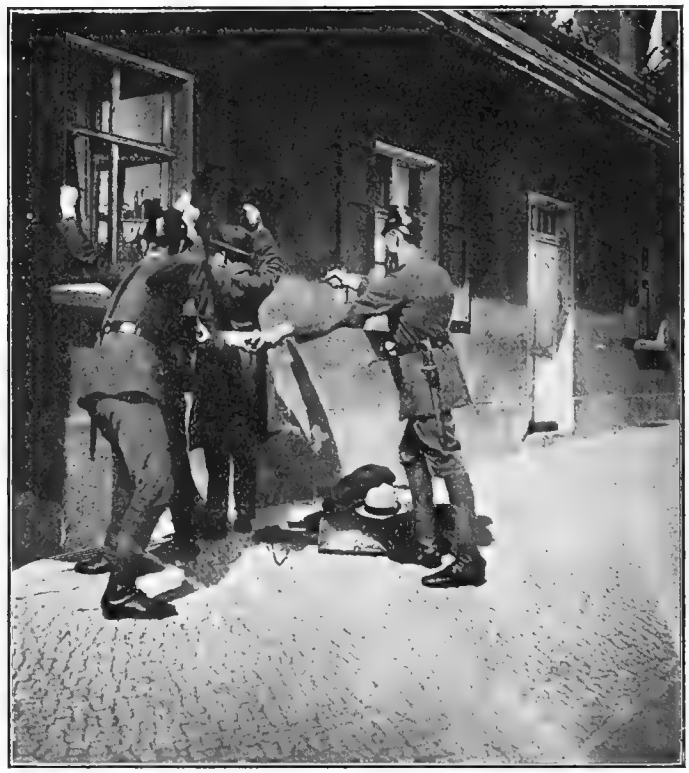
The original copy of the complaint is kept at the station house and one of the duplicates, with a notice attached as to the penalty which has been imposed, is sent to the offender. The post office records deliveries of such papers and the accused is allowed seven days in which to appear for his brief imprisonment or pay the fine by means of check, money-order or a personal call with cash. If he defaults, neither meeting the penalty imposed nor appearing with nor communicating an explanation, he is automatically entitled to a seven-day stay. But then a final notice is sent to him, again by mail, and if this, too, is not attended to, the case becomes a matter for the courts, and the alleged offender is subject to arrest under a formal warrant.

If found guilty, he now will be penalized upon two counts, the original charge against him and that of his failure to proceed as directed after the complaint had been made.

But this is not as arbitrary as it may seem to be. The alleged offender has complete right of protest against the charges made by the officer, and if he protests within seven days he will be granted a hearing in court. Such protest may be made either to the court or to the police authorities in the district where the violation is alleged to have taken place.

Not even this, however, takes the policeman away from his regular round of duty, for it is assumed that he has given all the information in his possession in the original sworn complaint. Instances are rare in which the magistrate to whom the matter finally is turned over does not find this sufficient for all his needs in determining the merits of the case.

The adoption of a similar plan in this country would be at least an interesting experiment. Opinions vary as to how effective it would be. But if some variation which would fit America could be devised, it is immediately apparent that an immense saving of time would ensue for the man upon the beat. It would accomplish wonders for street patrol if officers could be spared the infinite number of appearances in court which now are necessary under the law.



Searching a Prisoner

IN this connection it is important to state that the motor-car regulation in Berlin is entirely within the hands of the police. Licensing and all details of supervision are a part of the police duty. Drivers are examined and licensed only by the police. Examinations prior to the issuance of license to drive, whether as chauffeurs of taxicabs or private cars, or as private owners driving their own cars, are very severe. They include road tests, mental tests and a medical examination having reference particularly to eyesight, but touching also upon other matters.

Before even applying for a license applicants must produce a certificate from an automobile school showing that they know how to operate a car and giving the period of their attendance at the school. Such schools are licensed and supervised by the police and are heavily bonded as to their compliance with Police regulations. This bond covers the rates of their charges, and the competence of their instructors and guarantees that they must be open for police inspection as to personnel, methods and other matters at any time. The registers of the schools show names, addresses, details as to employment and social status, and the amount paid to the school.

Berlin Dress and Winter Uniforms

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Nor is this close and minute care of the automobile problem the only branch of municipal management which, in Berlin and throughout Germany, the police have charge, of which in American cities is entrusted to other authority. The police in Berlin inspect and issue permits for new buildings, they control the issuance of business licenses (and every kind of business requires licensing in Germany), they regulate the licensing of vendors of newspapers and other articles, they issue dog licenses, they examine and issue licenses to the conductors and motormen of public conveyances other than taxicabs, as trolley cars and omnibuses, these, in Berlin, being all owned and operated by the city.

THE uniformed police in Berlin are recruited much as American police are chosen, except that they are not subject to any civil service examination, all examinations to which they are subject being conducted by the Police authorities.

No married men are admitted as recruits, although policemen may marry after they have passed their probationary periods. Policemen live in barracks and the routine of their lives and duties is very different from that of the American policemen.

One-third of the patrol force is on duty throughout the twenty-four hours, this third including men used for "Streifen-Dienst," or random, rather than fixed patrol; one-third is on reserve duty (in Berlin called "preparedness duty") and one-third is off duty. Thus the men have twenty-four hours off every third day.

The system includes patrol, fixed posts (many of them in booths) and traffic posts. All these are similar in general plan to like activities as included in the New York system. But the work of the "Streifen-Dienst" is different from anything known in the United States, although in a sense it includes some of the duties of the American roundsmen. The "Streifen-Dienst," regardless of the patrolmen on regular beats, the men on fixed posts or the traffic police, patrol each a certain section of the city at a slow and even pace, often halting and studying conditions in detail.

Each "Streife" patrols for a turn of two hours, then having two hours of rest. As one goes off duty its patrol is taken up by another, the routes varying each day and being given in detail on a card handed to the men as they depart on duty. With each change of duty a different route is taken.

Streifen-Dienst duty is held to be very important in Germany. Between ten at night and seven in the morning half of the available force is used for this work, and during the balance of the day one-third of the men available are assigned to it.

The duty of the Streifen is to appear unexpectedly, the beats of regular patrolmen being very rigidly timed and routed. Among other things, the Streife surprises disorderly characters, such as gangsters, corner loafers, vagabonds and beggars, and they relieve patrolmen on

A Berlin Method of Overcoming an Assailant

posts of prisoners and conduct them to the station houses, giving the patrolmen receipts for them.

But principally they serve as a check-up on the regular patrol force. They are much disliked by evil-doers. The Streifen-Dienst in each station-territory consists of a squad taken from the regular patrol platoon, numbering from two to five, and in charge of a commanding officer.

Men in command of Streifen squads usually are sergeants. They must patrol in such a way as not to interfere with traffic; they must enter residences, liquor-selling places, etc., only in pursuit of their duty, and while on Streifen duty men are forbidden to lay down their arms or for any purpose to let them out of their hands, or to smoke, to eat or to drink anything other than water. In urgent cases such a squad may pass beyond its precinct boundaries.

If the exigencies of their special duty consume more time than it has been reasonable to expect the sergeant in charge of a squad is justified in shortening its prescribed route. If a squad is caught out in a severe storm they may shelter in a doorway or at another

(*Continued on page* 45)

The Berlin Police Maintain an Elaborate Sporting Organization—Their Clubs Marching to a Track Event

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Greatest of Field Days Coming

Assemblages of Champions Promised for This Year's Great Shows at Jamaica Race Track on Sept. 6 and 13

A $20 show for $1 is what is promised to the thousands who will go to the Police Field Days of the New York Department on September 6 and 13. This year's police carnival is to be the champion event of the seven years' series. Bigger than any circus, it is to bring before the public more champions than were probably ever gathered in one place before.

And besides champions there will appear hundreds of members of the police department who have volunteered for the deeds of daring and the track events that are annual features of the field day.

Of champions there will be representatives not only of humankind, but of the animal kingdom and the mechanical world. Representing the animal kingdom will be Epinard, king of the French turf, who will race against a thoroughbred in one of the several cup races that have been arranged for the two days. Eugene Leigh, Epinard's trainer, is arranging the contest in which the famous French thoroughbred is to appear.

Then there will be champions of the squared circle, such as Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier, Gene Tunney, Johnny Wilson, Johnny Dundee, Pancho Villa and Benny Leonard. The champions of the mechanical world are being held back as surprises for the great throngs that will go to Jamaica race track on September 6 and 13. Only a hint may be given that newly crowned kings of the air will be present.

Championship class attaches also to an international quartette that will sing the "Star Spangled Banner" in unexampled fashion at both field days. Fortune Gallo, impressario of the San Carlo Opera Company, has assembled a quartette and Aldo Franchetti, as musical director, is now rehearsing it. The four singers are Manuel Salazar,

The Three-horse Roman Race Stirs the Pulses of the Crowd

Spanish tenor; Bianca Saroya, American soprano; Tamaki Miuri, Japanese soprano, and Giuseppi Intorente, Italian baritone. Their joint singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" is expected to be one of the great events of the day.

There will also appear on the musical programme

A Melee for Horsemen is an Exciting Field Day Feature

Mme. Miyura, Japanese soprano, who will appear in the costume of her native land, but will sing music of the West.

Before leaving the musical part of the programme it is to be stated that five bands will furnish the principal musical entertainment, the Police Band being of course the principal. The Police Glee Club will also appear with its well known carolers. On the occasion of the salute to the flag at the end of the "Star Spangled Banner," sung by the 'round-the-world quartette, Pain's Fireworks will display a huge American flag in flame.

For colorful contrast to this, Deputy Police Commissioner Faurot has arranged for the appearance of a troop of Cossacks, reminiscent of Buffalo Bill's show in its palmiest days. These Russians will vie with the men of the police department in dare-devil feats of horsemanship.

Other quaint entertainment will be furnished by Wier's Dancing Baby Elephants from Luna Park. Barron Collier, owner of Luna, and B. F. Albee, of the Keith Circuit, have united in furnishing a list of headliners and entertainers that will help make the field day shows worth many times the admission.

One of the great features of the field days has come to be the burlesque of circus acts by a great corps of policemen. This annually is one of the great hits, and for this year the feature has been greatly enlarged. There will be a hundred clowns, all of them men who wear the blue, and most of them quite competent to hold places under the white tops of regular circuses. Under Lieutenant Martin J. Regan, in charge of entertainment, these men are preparing a programme of unusual excellence.

Inspector General McKinney has arranged for a great aeronautical circus on both days, the show to be put on by the army and navy flyers from near New York.

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Interspersed with this striking entertainment will be the police feats of horsemanship, rescue and jiu jitsu, and the drill of the riot battalion. These include push-ball races, obstacle races, Ben Hur race, mounted melee, three-horse Roman race, etc.

The big track events that annually furnish the backbone of the field days will be run much as in previous years, and the entries, which closed a few days ago, are very heavy.

A new departure in this line this year will be the giving of several boxing matches in which policemen of other cities are invited to take part. Inspector Edwin H. West, in charge of the games, will receive entries from other departments for these boxing matches for several days.

The first day will be Governor's Day and the second one the Mayor's, and the two officials will be present on their respective days.

One of the big things about the field days that few persons appreciate is that the police department puts on this tremendous entertainment, which exceeds in size and completeness anything else presented in America, without rehearsal. A circus rehearses carefully for weeks to give its show, but the police department, with that skill and efficiency which its executives must needs possess, stages this colossal exhibition entirely unrehearsed.

Police officials in other cities will be interested in the manner in which the New York department stages its big entertainment.

This is the seventh of the series of field days for the benefit of the Relief Fund of the department, a fund that today affords quick and generous aid to the members of the department and their families who may be stricken by adversity. The idea of this assistance originated with the Police Honor Legion, and has been enlarged upon until the Relief Fund is now an incorporated body, with its important annual income assured by the recurring field days.

The field day organization within the department is under Third Deputy Commissioner Faurot, who has a large list of workers under him, there being 1,500 policemen actively engaged in furthering the interests of the field days during their spare time. These men are arranged in committees under chairmen who have charge of special features of the work, and in some of the committees, such as that on entertainment, where Lieutenant Regan has the aid of many prominent theatrical men, outsiders furnish a great deal of assistance.

The Track Events Bring Out Many Competitors

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The committee chairmen are as follows: Inspector William A. Coleman, Stand Committee; Lieutenant George F. Darrow, mounted exhibition; Inspector Thomas F. McDonald, track; Acting Lieutenant Patrick G. Fitzgibbons, music; Inspector Charles H. McKinney, aviation; Captain James E. Troy, grounds; Inspector Thomas J. Kelly, gate receipts; Inspector John W. O'Connor, transportation and traffic; Department Printer Connolly, programme and poster; Captain Michael A. Walsh, distribution and sale of tickets; Chief Surgeon Murray, medical committee; Inspector Edwin H. West, athletic events; Military Captain Schofield, riot battalion exhibition; Superintendent of Buildings O'Brien, manager of grounds; George B. Hawthorne, audit and finance.

"Picking Up"

All the police talent utilized at the games is volunteer. The men of the department who have special abilities eagerly join in these great benefits for themselves and their fellow officers.

Police Pistol Competition

POLICE departments from all over the United States are to compete in the Police Revolver matches as part of the National Pistol Shooting Tournament at Camp Perry, Ohio, on September 22. From New York will go a team organized under Commissioner Enright's direction by Lieutenant Ralph Micelli, in charge of pistol practice.

The others of this team will be Sergeants Arthur Wallender, attached to the Training School; David Twomey, Thirty-ninth Precinct; Frank J. Lonergan, Thirty-ninth Precinct, and Henry Butts, Third Detective District, and Patrolmen Adolph Schuber, Motorcycle Squad No. 1; John J. Wendel, Training School, and Jacob Sayles, Training School.

Boston and Philadelphia are to be among the important contenders in this police revolver contest. All of these teams will leave for Camp Perry about September 16.

The New York team is expected to enter in many other matches besides the police contest. This is the first time that the New York Department has been officially represented in the pistol shooting matches.

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International Conference Plans Advanced

Great Attendance Assured for the 1925 Meeting in New York---President Enright Visits White House

THE purposes of the International Police Conference have been advanced along three distinct paths within a short time. President Richard E. Enright has greatly furthered the aims of the Conference by a visit he made to President Coolidge; many foreign countries have signalized their intention of sending representatives to the 1925 Conference which is to be held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York, May 12 to 16, next year; several departments not hitherto members have joined the international body.

The prospects for the 1925 conference are that it will excel that of 1923 in the number of those attending, and that even a greater number of nations of importance will be represented.

It is expected that the representatives of police departments from the following countries will attend:

Argentina, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil-Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, China, Colombia, Cuba, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Ecuador, Egypt, England, France, Germany, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, India, Ireland, Italy, Mexico, Netherlands, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Norway, Nova Scotia, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Portugal, Scotland, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, South Africa, Uruguay, Venezuela.

In the United States several hundred departments have signified their intention of attending.

South America in particular will be well represented. The A, B, C powers—Argentine, Brazil and Chile—have already given definite assurance that they will send delegates, and Peru has promised to send a police commander. Panama has also notified headquarters at New York of its intention to send a delegate.

One of Chile's representatives will be Arturo Venegas of Valparaiso, who has personally accepted the invitation.

Delegates from the furthermost countries of the globe will include Inspector General James Mitchell of the Police Department of Sydney, New South Wales. He has under his command 3,000 men, covering 700 police stations in New South Wales, with an additional 1,600 men stationed in Sydney.

Octavio Casanove

Police Prefect Becomes Minister

THE second promotion to a high office from the delegates to the last International Police Conference is reported from Peru. The first was that of Commander Eoin O'Duffy of the Irish Civic Guard. Now the Honorable Octavio Casanove, Prefect of Police of Lima, and Peruvian delegate to the Conference, has been promoted to the portfolio of Minister of Marine.

His excellent record as a police commander was what led to his selection as Chief of the Navy Department of Peru.

THE primary purposes of the International Police Conference are:

(*a*) To promote cooperation among all officials in the execution of their proper duties.

(*b*) To disseminate precise information among its members and generally regarding new developments in police practice and procedure.

(*c*) To improve the effectiveness of police work to the end that law and order are maintained and that criminal activities are suppressed.

(*d*) To study and report upon the causes of crime and the methods to be employed for eliminating these causes and for reducing criminal tendencies.

The support accorded these purposes by the distinguished leaders of police forces of most of the capitals of the world is both generous and gratifying. The exchanges of information, the discussion of professional topics and the authoritative exposition of new developments in police work at the coming conference promise to be of exceptional interest and benefit. This gathering of administrative and executive police officials is becoming of increasing importance to the effective administration of police affairs.

An opportunity will be afforded the heads of police departments to observe the progress made by police forces other than their own in the conservation of property, the promotion of public safety, the detection of criminals and the prevention of crime. An entente cordiale will be established which will make for greater efficiency and coordination of police work throughout the world.

The exhibition of paraphernalia will cover every phase of police activity. Distinguished experts throughout the world, included among whom will be members of the International Police Conference, will address the convention on police topics of the day and future. General discussion on these topics will be open to the entire membership.

* * * * *

The Honorable J. Zwicky, commander of Municipal Police of Berne, Switzerland, joined the conference recently, as did Chief Adolph Kulow of Bremerhaven, Germany.

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The End of the "California Daylighters"

Murder and Revolver Duels Mark Capture of Last of Famous Bandit Gang, Including "Big Bill" O'Connor

THE most dangerous gang of hold-up men on the Pacific Coast is believed to have been extinguished as a result of two exciting encounters between its members and police near Sacramento, Cal., a short time ago.

The first capture was of "Big Bill" O'Connor, reputed the most desperate gunman on the Pacific Coast.

He was taken after a pistol battle with San Francisco detectives at 482 Sixth street, that city. A few hours later, loot worth $30,000 that had been taken in a hold-up of the Houston-Gilmore Company, Post and Stanton streets, San Francisco, was recovered. This was about half of the valuables taken.

O'Connor had sworn he would never be taken alive and he was wounded before he surrendered. Lieutenants Henry Powell and Michael Griffin of the San Francisco police are entitled to the principal credit for the capture.

In addition to the Houston-Gilmore hold-up, O'Connor was wanted on a charge that he had murdered his pal, Jim Blanton, in San Francisco last May; that he had participated in the $200,000 hold-up of the Prudential Loan Office in Los Angeles, and for another hold-up of the Eureka Valley branch of the Bank of Italy.

Jewelry from the Houston-Gilmore Company robbery to the value of an additional $40,000 was recovered in Tonopah, Nevada, in June by Lieutenant Henry Powell.

THE capture of O'Connor was like a scene from a wild Western melodrama. The San Francisco detectives traced him to the home of his bootlegger the day following the robbery of the Houston-Gillmore Company. Five of them went into the house and into the hallway leading to O'Connor's room. They called through the locked door, "The jig's up, Bill," thinking that the man might possibly surrender. But O'Connor, sticking to his boast that he would not be taken alive, answered them with a round of pistol shots through the door.

The detectives then adopted World War tactics by laying down a barrage fire. Barricading themselves behind pillars and a stairway they began emptying revolvers and rifles through the door.

Bullets were flying so thick in the room that O'Connor attempted to escape by jumping through a window to the yard and was promptly shot in the neck by one of the detectives on guard outside. A few moments later he allowed himself to be taken. He was wounded in the body and arm as well as the neck.

It was the wound in the arm that must have discouraged him. He was famous as an accurate pistol shot and was probably champion in that line among the criminals of the west coast. When the wound in his arm made it impossible for him to aim a pistol he realized his situation was hopeless.

There were found in his room diamonds and pearls worth $25,000, beside $7,000 in currency.

Those who assisted Lieutenants Powell and Griffin in the capture were Sergeants George Wall, Jack Connor, Jack McLaughlin, George Heely, Leo Bonner, James Curtis, Barney Reihl, James Hyland and Richmond Tatham.

THE second chapter in the history of the extinction of the "Daylighters," the name popularly employed to describe this gang of hold-up men because they always operated in broad daylight—is even more interesting, more thrilling than that dealing with the capture of O'Connor.

A day or so after the Houston-Gillmore hold up, two of O'Connor's gang, Fred Johnson and Earl Williams, held up the North Sacramento branch of the California Trust Company and escaped with $3,000.

These men evidently read the newspapers closely, for they promptly took note of published accounts of the robbery which said that they had overlooked about $2,000 in currency that had been lying on the bank counters. To the town's amazement they returned to the bank the next day at noon, again held up the cashier and got away with the money they had first overlooked. This is said to be the first instance of bandits robbing the same bank twice in rapid succession in the history of the United States.

THE second peculiar feature in this return engagement in banditry was the motive behind it. Earl Williams told the police after his capture that the newspapers made him "mad" when they decried the bandits as inefficient. It was to show that they were thoroughly up-to-date that they risked their lives a second time by returning to this large bank on a populous corner of North Sacramento.

After this robbery they escaped in a stolen car only to find themselves delayed a few miles north of the city by a flat tire. A forest ranger, Samuel Hermanson, came along in an automobile. The two men promptly held him up for the purpose of taking his car. When he resisted them they killed him.

By this time the descriptions of the men had been broadcast through all that section of California and when they arrived at Lyman Springs, Carl Treanor, an employee of the Diamond Match Company, and his assistant, surprised them and forced them to surrender at the point of pistols. The Diamond Match Company man held them until the sheriff and his posse from North Sacramento arrived.

With their capture the California "Daylighters" are believed to have been wiped out.

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Norfolk's Force Snappy

New Standards Are Applied and Organization and Uniforms Are Copied in Other Cities

By Jay E. Lewis

AMONG the police forces of the moderate sized cities of the United States that of Norfolk, Va., stands out as one of the most up-to-date, economical and efficient.

By the adoption of a system like that in use in some of the larger cities and the intensive maintenance of the discipline and standards of the greater municipalities, the chiefs of the Norfolk department have achieved remarkable results, so that with an actual force of three hundred men they are successfully taking care of a population of 160,000—one-third of which is colored—scattered over thirty seven square miles.

Since the new form of City Government, known as the City Manager-Councilmanic form, was inaugurated in September, 1918, the Norfolk force has been transformed from an old-fashioned brigade of bluecoats into a snappy corps of guardians of the peace. The organization has served as a model for other cities.

At left, Col. Borland, Director of Public Safety, Norfolk; at right, G. W. Ironmonger, Chief of Police. In center, Norfolk policeman in grey-shirt summer uniform.

Under the direction formerly of Admiral A. C. Dillingham and today of Colonel Charles B. Borland, Director of the Department of Public Safety, who was formerly Chief of Police, and of S. W. Ironmonger, the Chief, the organization has been brought to a state of discipline and activity equalling the best results obtained anywhere.

To begin with, high physical and educational standards have been adopted for recruits, a police training school has been established and young men have been encouraged to apply for the force with a view to becoming trained policemen, detectives or traffic specialists. If a policeman demonstrates ability in traffic or detective work he is given special training in these lines and if he shows skill he has an excellent opportunity to rise.

To keep the men generally up to the mark there is a general inspection of arms, equipment and personnel every month and an efficiency record of each member of the division is maintained. Norfolk is rather proud of the natty attire of its policemen, the grey whipcord uniforms of the traffic division having been copied in several cities. In summer these men are permitted to doff their coats and wear grey shirts which, because of their color, do not detract in the slightest from the military appearance and smartness of the men. This system gives the men an opportunity to be comfortable, and to meet in good humor the strain of the day's work.

Within the department special opportunities for better education are open to the men and on the physical side gymnasium work and open air athletics are fostered. The police and firemen join in the annual field day with medals and prizes for the victors.

There is a Police Athletic Association, which maintains an excellent baseball team and has a summer clubhouse at Willoughby Beach. There is a Social and Relief Association for the aid of the men and a special committee visits the sick.

Norfolk is one of the few cities in the United States that has a special police publication of its own. It is the "Vigilant," which has been so well received by the police and the public that it has been able to publish without cost to the city copies of the traffic ordinances and regulations for public distribution. Its editor is the chief police clerk, I. R. Vanderberry.

Within the last few years Norfolk has established a pension fund for its policemen and their retirement is now provided for.

One of the marked achievements of the division was the addition in December, 1922, of a police boat for harbor work.

Sports that keep up spirit of the Norfolk Police—Three-legged race on Field Day.

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Chief of Police Ironmonger stressed in a recent report his requirement that the men of the present day force must be of an excellent order of intelligence. He aims to enlist men who are physically and mentally capable and in all instances of good character.

"Physical and mental qualifications are of small worth unless accompanied by good character" is the endorsement of Colonel Borland in forwarding the report to the City Council. That body recognized the importance of the recommendation by establishing four grades through which a recruit must work his way before he is regarded as a first-class policeman. His salary then is $157.50 a month. For duty well performed the Honor Board of the department awards honorable mention, a department Medal of Merit and a department Medal of Honor. For failure the Trial Board's decision is dismissal.

Out for Baseball Honors

BASEBALL honors that formerly were won by the New York Police Department are again to be sought by a new baseball team just completed at the inspiration of Commissioner Enright.

Carrying on the traditions of the teams that for several years up to 1922 won repeated victories for the force, the new organization is well under way and has begun an active career by playing its first practice game against the Fort Hamilton army nine.

Under the management of Inspector General McKinney, twenty-three promising athletes are now full-fledged members of the team. They are the choice from about two hundred volunteers from all parts of the department, who a few weeks ago offered their services as players.

With the aid of professional coaches such as Ed Holly and Paul Kretchel of the Yankees and Jackhitch of the Giants, Sergeant Brown of Inspector General McKinney's staff held elimination contests that resulted in the choice of the following men—all of whom are patrolmen:

At present the regulars are Charles Weiler of the 8A Precinct, short stop; Charles Muchner, 19A, catcher; Daniel Tierney, 16th, center field; George Reinhardt, 41st, third base; Charles Benesh, 23rd, first base; Thomas Corry, 26th, second base; Thomas Albach, 22nd, left field; William McLaughlin, 45th, right field; James O'Neill, 18th, pitcher.

The other players, all of whom are expected to make the regular team at intervals, are:

Paul Lusbader, 45th, r. f.; Henry C. Tienken, 4th, l. f.; Joseph Fennelley, 11th Division, 2nd b.; Edward Schuman, 17th, 3rd b.; James Fogarty, 11th Division, c.; John R. Dukes, motorcycle squad No. 2, s. s.; Frederick Regan, 15th, p.; Charles Voelpel, 66th, p.; Albert Froelich, 39th, c.; William Vaughn, 19th, c.; James Sheehy, 13th, c. f.; Philip Creamer, 12th, p.; Charles Martina, 60th, p.; Alexander Armet, 43rd, p.

Some of these names will be familiar to those who followed the fortunes of the former police baseball teams. Others are well known to the fans of many of the minor league cities; others again have made reputations with semi-professional teams both in New York and in distant cities. In two cases at least members of the team have come direct to the Police Department from minor league baseball positions within the last six months.

There is every promise that from this carefully selected talent the team that will eventually be selected will be able to hold its own against semi-pros and departmental competitors from other large cities. Inspector McKinney is now trying to arrange for games with the other police departments in the country and is anxious to receive challenges from them.

Among the men who played on the old police department teams are Shortstop Weiler, more recently of the Springfield team in Queens; Catcher Charles Muchner, who has also played in Cypress Hills; First Baseman Charles Benesh, who played with Newark and in the Virginia League and on the Kalamazoo team in 1921; Pitcher James O'Neill, who won many victories for the old police department team in 1922; Left Fielder Henry C. Tienken, Second Baseman Joseph Fennelley, Catcher James Fogarty, Catcher Albert Froelich, Pitcher Alexander Armet, and Left Fielder Thomas Albach.

Third Baseman George Reinhardt has played with the Farmers and other semi-professional teams; Second Baseman Thomas Corry left the Quebec, Canada, team just a few months ago to come on the police force; Center Fielder Daniel Tierney has played on the Newark Internationals, Montreal, New Haven, Bridgeport and College Point teams; Right Fielder Lusbader has recently played with the Flushing nine; Third Baseman Edward Schuman and Center Fielder James Sheehy are new recruits to the department who come fresh from the diamond. Schuman played with the Inerseals, Farmers, Federal Shipyards and the Flatbush teams.

Shortstop Dukes made such a reputation in semi-pro ball that the Brooklyn Nationals tried him out last year. Pitcher Frederick Regan has been pitching on semi-professional teams, and also has played for Irwin Post of the American Legion, and the Bedford Parks in Brooklyn; Pitcher Charles Voelpel has played with Ridgewood, Standards, Elks and Vikings; Pitcher Phillip Creamer has had seven years' semi-pro experience and Pitcher Charles Martina has been on the mound for Worcester, Wheeling and Providence.

The team expects to get into uniform in a short time and shortly thereafter plans to make a reputation for itself.

Police Victors at Dublin

NEW YORK bluecoats are continuing at the Tailteann games in Dublin, Ireland, the best traditions of their uniform as athletic competitors in Olympic and other games.

J. J. Heany, of the New York Department, teamed with O'Donnell, another American, won the world's doubles handball title from O'Reilly and Brennan, of Ireland.

In the handball singles the American team tied with the Irish, Heany winning all of his games. The tie was due to the fact that O'Donnell lost all of his.

Matt McGrath, famous New York athlete, won the sixteen-pound hammer throw at 163 feet, 11 inches, Regan of Ireland being second, and Pat McDonald, also of New York, unplaced.

McDonald tied O'Grady of Ireland in a one-hand throw of a 56-pound weight for height, scoring 14 feet, 6 inches.

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"Unseen Guards"

(*Continued from page* 13)

epochal trans-Atlantic flight from New York to England. Rhoades became an international figure in aviation, but he now finds his greatest pleasure in service with the flying division of the Police Reserve.

Allied to the Aviation Unit is the Marine Division, consisting of about 60 officers and men, a majority of whom have seen service in the Navy or the Merchant Marine. The division has in service two power launches, one of them the former Police Boat No. 10. The division has proved its worth in the work of patrolling the harbor, and besides this duty assists in keeping order aboard the municipal ferries. The esprit of the Reserve Marines is keen and the nautical tradition is kept alive by the office of Navigating Officer, held by Lieutenant P. V. O'Rourke, who saw service in the United States Navy.

Some of the most distinguished physicians and surgeons in the city are included among the forty practitioners enrolled in the Medical Division. This unit has a total strength of 115 men, including physicians, all of whom are commissioned officers; and members of the sanitary and litter squads. The work of examining applicants for the Reserve is done by the physician members, who alternate each Friday night at headquarters for the purpose. The non-medical members of the unit are thoroughly drilled in first-aid and ambulance work, and the potential value of the entire division in any great accident or outstanding public calamity is obvious. The members of the unit are subject to call for such service and are kept organized and drilled, not alone for the routine work incidental to their service, but with a view to their effectiveness in any catastrophe such as the Malbone Street tunnel wreck in Brooklyn some years ago. The Division in summer establishes quarters in Police Park, where it has done effective first aid work, not only for Reserve members but for citizens outside the organization. All of the sanitary arrangements in the Park are under supervision of this unit, which also is called on for duty at the Police Field Days.

The Information Division is the secret service branch of the Reserve. The work of this unit being primarily detective duty, the Reserve members attached to it are in plain clothes.

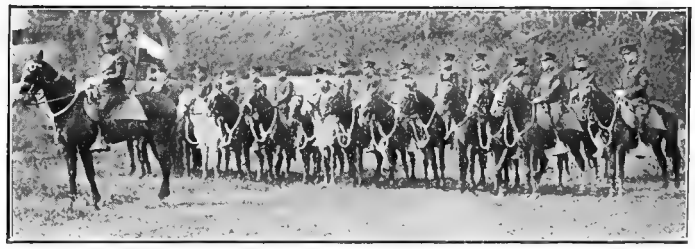
IT may be supposed that men who are so public-spirited as to volunteer for police duty without pay take their enlistment with the Reserve seriously, and they do. That this service entails some sacrifice of time and energy is evidenced by the fact that the patrol tours of the Reserve in 1923 totalled 12,169, of which the division among the Boroughs was: Manhattan, 6,863; Brooklyn, 3,347; Bronx, 568; Queens, 755; Richmond, 636. On Election day nearly 600 Reserve members assisted the regular police force.

Officers and men of this volunteer police army include men in nearly every walk of life, with many men high in business and social position doing their tour of duty on the same footing as their brothers in humble station, but all animated by the same high conceptions of civic spirit and the duties of citizenship. Among the officers of the Reserve who are serving and who cheerfully execute the orders of the commanding officers of the regular department are many who have attained wealth and distinction in their businesses or professions.

Rodman Wanamaker, Special Deputy in command of the Police Reserve, is known for the importance of the great business of which he is the head, and quite as well to the public for his ever active interest in whatever makes for civic betterment in New York.

Colonel Joseph, Inspector General McKinney's aide, is, as previously stated, a broker; Colonel Williams, Division headquarters commander, is a life insurance executive. Among the regimental commanders, Colonel Newton of the Sixth is head of a large industrial business; Colonel Thompson of the Tenth is a lawyer living in Brooklyn; Colonel Finch of the Twelfth and Thirteenth, living in Richmond Hill, is an advertising man; and Major Fabregas is a railroad executive living in Staten Island.

Among the commanding officers of special units, Major Spiegel of the Marine Division is a broker; Captain Patterson, of the Mounted Troop, is a landscape architect;



Captain Patterson and Mounted Reserves Troop

Major Butcher, of the Information Division, is a lawyer; and Colonel Edwards, of the Medical Division, is one of the leading practitioners in Brooklyn.

ANYONE interested in observing the spirit of the men in the Police Reserve may get a good insight into it by a visit to Police Park, at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, where the Reserve members are now in summer encampment. Apparently there are many who are thus interested, for the Park has many visitors Saturday and Sunday afternoons. The Park is so called by courtesy rather than by reason of any of the customary features of parks, for there are almost no trees, no grass, shrubbery, neatly bordered walks, fountains or landscape effects. Its sole scenic feature is the water front of the Bay and even that is put to practical use, being the taking-off place for the Reserve seaplanes in their daily "hops." The entire 26 acres of the park are given over to the practical uses of a body of men in training for practical duties.

During the war the Park was used by the Navy and some of the wooden buildings then used were left standing after Uncle Sam's men had relinquished the Park. These buildings included three large hangars facing the Bay, a row of barracks, shops and other buildings, all dilapidated and fast going to ruin for want of repairs and attention.

Since the Reserve encampment began the transformation has been immediate and most creditable, for the officers and men of the different regiments and units have vied with each other in improving the quarters assigned to them. Leaky roofs have been repaired, paint applied inside and out, plumbing installed, flooring laid, furniture and furnishings supplied, parade grounds levelled, and, in general, great efforts have been expended to make the buildings suitable for their purposes. It is in keeping with the volunteer character of the Reserve that all of this work, even the plumbing, carpentering, painting and other handiwork of skilled artisans, was done without charge by the members of the Reserve, according to their respective trades.

It is quite a sight of a late afternoon of a Saturday to see a dozen or more men who are at different times uni-

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formed reserves of the police busily engaged with hammers and saws transforming the old barracks into something cheerful and habitable.

The barracks now consists of the administration offices and Barracks No. 1, for the Medical and Aviation Divisions; No. 9, for the Marine Division; and No. 10, for Infantry Regiments Sixth, Tenth, Twelfth and Thirteenth. In connection with each barrack are the executive offices, officers quarters, and assembly and recreation rooms for the enlisted men.

In another building is the office of Patrolman Edward J. Hughes, of the regular department, assigned to have charge of the park. "Eddie," as he is known to officers and men, is a veteran policeman, quite as enthusiastic about the Reserve and their work as the most fervent Reserve member could be. As the mentor and "little father" of his civilian disciples he is in demand at all times during the encampment and Kipling's "Tommy this and Tommy that" could be paraphrased to "Eddie this and Eddie that," as his advice and counsel on police lore and police methods are sought alike by Reserve officer and rookie.

AS the authorized strength of the Reserve is 5,000 and there are at present about 3,000 members, with enlistments expiring from time to time, a recruiting office is maintained in the Park. The result is that many of the younger men who go there to look on sign applications for enlistment.

There is no lack of work done by the men in the summer encampment, but there is also a social and recreational atmosphere, since the average age of the Reserve member is under 35 years and the zest for play is keen among the younger men. On Saturdays and Sundays the men off tour, with their gear laid aside, find many diversions. Some seek their quarters for card or other games. Others cheer on their favorites on the rival baseball teams as they wage battle on the rough diamond behind the hangars with perhaps more vigor, though certainly less skill, than the stars of the major league teams. Major F. C. Steinman, of the Sixth Regiment, among the officers, is the most ardent advocate and trainer of contenders for baseball honors, of whom there are many in the Reserve.

An activity in which the entire membership of the Reserve take great pride is the musical division, consisting of the Tenth Regiment Band of 75 pieces, led by Bandmaster Captain Joseph P. Battles, and the recently organized band of the Medical Unit. The latter consists of 35 uniformed men who will make their first public appearance at a concert to be given in one of the hangars on September 14. The Tenth Regiment Band is attached to the 34th Precinct in Brooklyn.

The actual value of the Police Reserve is conceded by experienced police commanders. The average civilian who observes their work even casually must be impressed with the high ideal of public service actuating its members, and the thinking man or woman cannot fail to grasp the significance of such an organization as a civilian preparedness measure of enormous potential usefulness. It is not necessary to go further back into history than the middle years of the World War to realize what part a body like this would be prepared to take in any similar upheaval.

In war-time the old Reserves, predecessors of the present body, with 20,000 volunteer members, did a splendid work in supporting the regular Police Department in circumventing and checking the foe. The Department had lost a great many experienced men through enlistments in the American Expeditionary Forces, and those who remained were over-burdened with extra work caused by the war, by ceaseless vigilance to guard the city and its environs against the acts of spies and propagandists, and by their co-operation with the authorities of the government and the Army in preventing interference by enemy agents and sympathizers who sought to prevent or delay the shipments of men and munitions from the Port of New York to the Allied Armies overseas.

ALTHOUGH the law creating the Police Reserve specifically provides for a force of "male citizens," the Reserve has a valued auxiliary in the Women Reserve, consisting of about 1,000 women, of whom about 400 are uniformed. An article telling of their work will appear next month.

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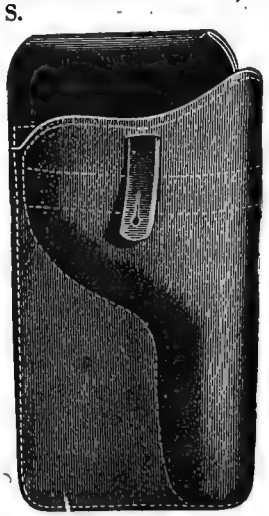

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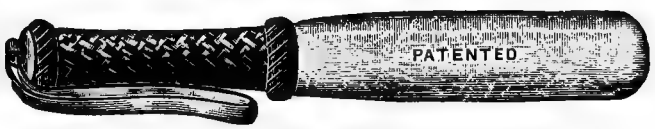

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(*Continued from page* 27)

tell the agency that I am hot-footing back and forth to the Criminal Courts Building and that I have a big museum model or something like that in my office that has something to do with the case. Make that report quick and we'll have our man down here right on the heels of it or I'm no policeman."

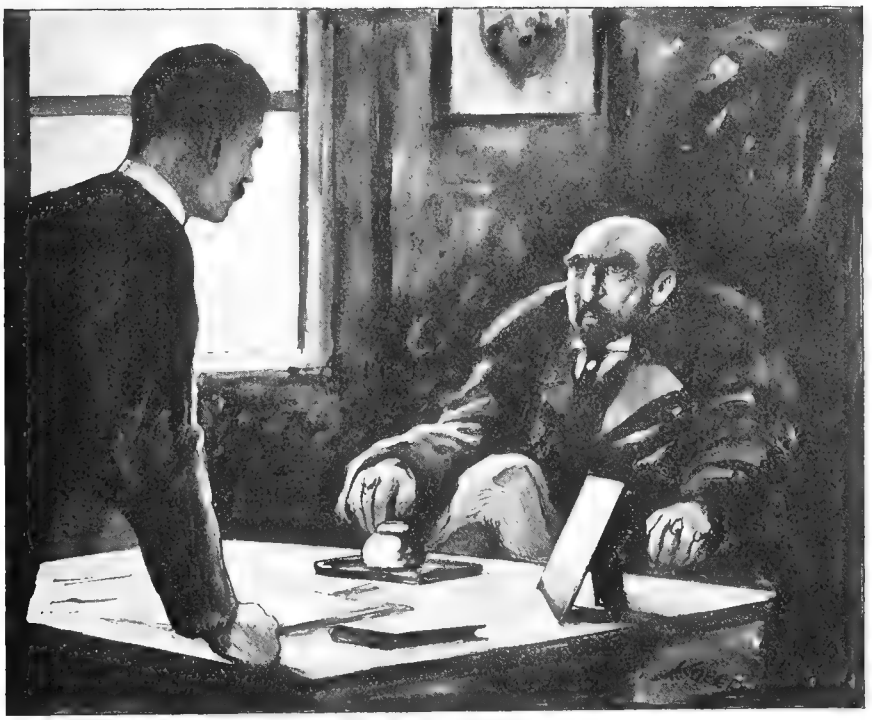
"Now," said the Captain, as Franklin and his partner departed, "we're making a breach in the wall at last."

"Tomorrow's Christmas eve," thought he, "but there won't be any Christmas if my little Santa Claus does not come down here with his pack. I've got the chimney all ready and open for him to climb down. I've even fixed up a ladder to help him come down fast. Now the question is how soon I see him."

THREE-QUARTERS of an hour had passed before the spur he had applied to Meeroubjian through the medium of Franklin and the detective agency brought the chubby art dealer into the outer office.

"Here's my private Santa Claus, pack and all," Captain Raye exulted to himself when the specialist in antiques was announced. It was to be proved that he was over-confident.

Meeroubjian was politeness itself, but he swore he knew nothing of Schafer — nothing at all. They were asking impossibilities of him—to find artists that ran away with women.



Captain Raye Found Meeroubjian Showed His Anxiety Only by Crossing and Recrossing His Legs

At this point the incensed Captain Raye began to talk and there was pepper in his speech. First he went over the Schafer case and Meeroubjian's possible connection with it, then he went into the matters of certain Persian antique swords that had been sold in this city at high prices, but which could be shown to be of modern steel; also into the matter of the three "guaranteed" pieces of the Savior's Tomb in Jerusalem. Likewise into the possibility that certain large rugs, certified to have been brought from the tomb of Mahomet, in Mecca, had not come from there, and lastly, into the matter of the model of the Taj Mahal.

All of these bits of chicanery had been uncovered by Brenner in the course of his investigation, but he had no proof of any of them. That, however, was a fact that the Captain did not mention.

When Captain Raye spoke of the Persian antique swords Meeroubjian sat immobile, and not so much as the flicker of an eyelash showed that the thrust had struck home. When the topic of the guaranteed pieces of the Savior's Tomb was brought up Meeroubjian was sitting with crossed legs and face as placid as a bronze Buddha's. Keenly watching the man's eyes for some change of expression, Captain Raye found that not even interest showed in them.

But one change did take place. Meeroubjian's left leg and foot, which were crossed over his right knee, began to move spasmodically. The man was not quite proof against nervous reaction, yet it showed only in this anxious motion of the suspended foot.

Captain Raye read this symptom rightly, took heart, and pressed harder on his next topic—the rugs that were certified to have been stolen from the tomb of Mahomet in Mecca. They were magnificent rugs, he admitted, but he also asserted that the proof of their Persian manufacture could be put before the District Attorney.

At this Meeroubjian, without moving his body, or permitting the slightest expression to appear on his face, recrossed his legs.

"I have him," said the Captain to himself. "The Mental Blackjack is working," and he fell on the man with what he knew about the model of the Taj Mahal.

Once more the chubby legs recrossed and, though Meeroubjian said nothing, the Captain felt that his Christmas present was not far away. He delivered the last stroke of the Mental Blackjack he had so carefully prepared:

"If the District Attorney really gets into this case," said he, "the people back of those affairs are going to suffer and all of you art dealers are going to feel it, once the papers publish the story. Now the only way in which the case can be kept out of the District Attorney's hands is by Schafer reappearing—and pronto!"

"What do you mean—pronto?" asked Meeroubjian.

"Right away—today or tomorrow morning."

"I am anxious," began Meeroubjian.

"'To help the police'—I know. I've heard it before," said Raye.

"Yes, precisely," parroted Meeroubjian, "and I will do all I can. I know nothing, but perhaps I can find out. How can I let you know?"

"Call me on the phone; just say you are Roxy. That'll be your code name. I'll understand. And if Schafer and the girl are found, of course there'll be nothing for us to do anything more about—you understand, don't you?"

The Captain could not understand at the minute why Meeroubjian did not give Schafer's address at once. He felt sure that the art dealer knew it and trembled

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a little lest the wily Syrian should be seeking delay for the purpose of seeing a lawyer.

"If he just depends on his own brains we're all right," the Captain figured. "But if he gets an attorney and finds out that the statute of limitations would make it impossible for us to prosecute him for the Taj Mahal, then we've got to begin all over again."

With an enthusiastic clap of his hands the Captain decided on a move that was meant to prevent the Syrian seeking legal advice. He hurried a man out to find Franklin with instructions:

"Tell Franklin his report worked fine. It brought a Santa Claus in for me. Now tell him to report to the agency that the District Attorney is about to send for Miss Van Veldt—yes, THE Miss Van Veldt—about a model of a temple she bought.

"That ought to be a finishing blow if the old fox is holding back. It ought to keep him from visiting a lawyer's."

So confident was Captain Raye of the results of this move that he next sent a telegram to Morton Varney, Princeton, "Meet me Police Headquarters 8:30 tomorrow morning—Raye."

Presently he heard from the last man sent off that he had located Franklin and that the report had been duly turned in.

"Now we'll tune in on station SHEP and listen for Santa Claus," said the Captain to himself. He ought to be on the wire inside of half an hour—or about two minutes after he gets that report about Miss Van Veldt. I certainly like his nerve in having me shadowed."

A slow fifteen minutes passed and then his phone—

"This is Roxy, Captain."

"All right, Roxy—good work. What's the word?"

"Phoenicia."

"What state?"

"New York—Ulster County."

"Anything more, Roxy—any address?"

"No, that's all."

"Nuf sed, Roxy—thank you!"

Receiving one more telephone call, to which he repeated—"Setton Hall, sure of that now?" he turned to the phone, asked Mr. Edeson to meet him the next morning—the morning of Christmas eve—told his staff he would be away the next day—and went out to buy Christmas presents.

"I certainly feel like Christmas now," said he.

KINGSTON, high above the Hudson's icy sheet, lay still in the grip of real Christmas weather as the noon train steamed around the curve from the West Shore tracks onto the climbing rails of the Ulster & Delaware. The uphill miles past the great reservoirs of Ashokan and to Phoenicia slipped backward on lagging feet so far as three men in the front of the passenger car were concerned. The snow grew deeper, the glare greater, the country gradually took on more and more of a toboggan-slide appearance. Looking back from one of the curves, Captain Raye found himself fervently hoping that the wheels wouldn't skid.

At last Phoenicia—three or four deserted summer hotels, a store, a station, two garages and a post office. "Where is Setton Hall?" was the Captain's query.

"Did they know you were coming? Ought to have sent down for you," said the station agent. "I'll telephone over and—"

"No, no, please don't, we'll get a flivver," and they trudged to the garage, where the green touch of money served to bring out a hibernating Ford, warm it up and start it slithering on the climb to Setton Hall. This was an all-the-year-round resort where the owner's home and a couple of steam-heated cottages furnished the winter quarters alongside the big summer hotel.

"How does it come that we go to Setton Hall?" asked Mr. Edeson. "I know that Meeroubjian only said 'Phoenicia'."

"Oh, I didn't dare rely on my little Santa Claus altogether," the Captain explained. "I had a man out canvassing all the dog kennels for big dogs that had been sent up the north road anywhere and when he found a sale of two collies sent to Setton Hall, Phoenicia, I felt pretty sure of my ground. Both Schafer and your daughter are so fond of dogs, I thought they would send for some.

"But you must know I haven't any positive information yet. There is a chance we may be wrong even now—that is, about Setton Hall."

"Since you're so frank, Captain," Morton Varney began, "I want to make a little explanation now instead of later. I had hoped to avoid confessing a bit of foolishness, but I think it will come out soon—so I'll tell it and get it over with."

"Go on."

"I wasn't entirely frank with either of you that evening in Montclair. What I said was true, but there was more to be added. And this is what it was. In my last letter to Helen before she went away I had taken her to task over the number of young men she went with. I had been pretty arbitrary and had practically said that she had no business going anywhere with anyone else."

"A rock on which many a romance has split," inserted the Captain.

"Helen sent me a sharp reply, which was, generally, that she would go with as many young men as amused her and would go where and when she chose. And then came the disappearance! It must have been meant to show me I couldn't boss her."

"Convinced?" was the Captain's query.

"Oh, I was sorry for what I had said before I even received her note and I wrote, apologizing for my jealous outbreak. It's that letter of apology and another one I sent crawling in the dirt for my behavior that I never received an answer to."

"Now you've pretty near convinced me there's nothing new under the sun," said the Captain. "I had had an idea that there was a new angle in this case—something so unusual as to be unclassifiable in our Missing Persons index. But a lovers' quarrel is one of the oldest causes on earth for disappearances. Also forbidding persons to do a thing is a perfect method of spurring them to do it. It bears the ancient indorsement of Adam and Eve. But I still cling to the theory that there is something strange about this case. In a few minutes, as I hope, we shall see."

Mr. Edeson had been silent, but here he broke in.

"There is also something I must explain," said he. "I have just learned from her mother—who didn't want to admit it before—that she too may have had a part in this outbreak on Helen's part. It seems she knew something of this quarrel with Morton here and, in the belief that the two were secretly engaged, she reprimanded Helen for being so snappy with Morton. Helen evidently took the combination of injunctions

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too much to heart and was swept away by resentment at the dictation.

"I'll just show him," she said to her mother, "and you've got a big surprise coming, too."

"No wonder her mother has been so broken up about it. Mrs. Edeson, though, has always believed we would eventually find Helen with some friend—that is, if no harm had befallen her. She refused until today to place any credence in the clues pointing to Schafer."

"Well, we've shaken out something besides our breaths on this icy road," was all the Captain said. His thoughts, however, were not fully expressed in those words.

The chains were vibratingly pushing them up an icy hill by this time and two or three buildings loomed on the skyline ahead. Down the long slopes to the left of them a dozen or more flying figures made a beautiful skiing picture. Varney, in the front seat, was the first to cry out. A big collie racing down beside a girl had caught his eye and one glance had been sufficient—

"There's Helen! Stop!"

The rackety car stopped and then slid back a foot or so until it rested against a snow lump. Varney was out and racing across fields before the others could find safe footing on the snow. Helen had by this time caught sight of the party and with a trick turn that only a practiced out-o'doorsman could have achieved, was skiing cat-a-cornered across the glare of ice and snow toward the car.

"Hola, Daddy," was her call as she neared them—and Captain Raye moved uncertainly back out of her line of swift descent.

Despite the difficulties inherent in the skis, Helen and her father were instantly locked in close embrace. Captain Raye with a whip of his hand dashed unexpected tears out of his eyes.

"Oh, Daddy, isn't it glorious that you came up here. We were just going to go back on the down train this afternoon and you're just in time."

Captain Raye had seen many a reunion such as this. He had seen, in similar affairs girls' faces that were hard, or girl's faces that showed shame, contrition or sorrow. But here was something new and wonderful. This buoyant beauty was exultant, exalted of face and exuberant of manner. It struck him that the unusualness that still persisted in the affair would be found connected with this mood of the girl's.

As the Captain saw her with the flush of open air exercise on her face and the background of snow and distant evergreens behind her, he thought how poor a thing had been the portrait of her on the magazine cover. It had made no such wonderful picture as the girl herself made out there on the Catskill foothills.

Mr. Edeson was asking eager questions when Helen cut in—"I hope I haven't caused too much trouble going off like this. But you surely will forgive me when you see the reason for it. We have just got it finished," she added.

"What finished?" asked her father.

"That's so—you don't know. Why, the surprise—that's what we came up here for."

"What for, the surprise?"

"No, to finish it—but just wait until you see it."

Here Morton reached them, climbing precariously up the hill from where he had run in the expectation of meeting Helen as she shot down hill.

"Helen, dear, I've come for my answer—I've come all abashed."

Not a word of question, not a word of doubt—naught but faith.

"A wonderful lad that, worthy of a queen," was the thought that flashed to Captain Raye's mind as he saw Helen slip on her skis to Morton's waiting arms.

"And there's your answer," came smothered words from out of a rain of kisses, "and forgiveness with it."

In a trice the atmosphere seemed cleared of all the fog of suspicion and doubt that had marked the several days past.

Captain Raye was introduced as Mr. Raye, a friend of her father's—and gave thanks that he was not in uniform. Soon they made their way to the winter quarters of the owner's cottage—a great sunroom warmed by steam and cheered by the crackle of wood in a mammoth fireplace. Helen explained that Mr. Schafer, who, as she said, had been wonderful to her, was not strong enough for the outdoor sports, and therefore was indoors finishing "another of those pot-boiling futurist things for that Syrian robber in New York."

It seemed that the man's real metier, in her opinion, was the painting of portraits, but that he had been unable to get a start in New York in that line. So he had fallen into the clutches of Meeroubjian. By giving advances to the artist, the Syrian had practically enslaved him.

Schafer had been too high-spirited to do other than the right thing, and therefore had soon thoroughly enmeshed himself in the Syrian's net. Release had seemed impossible until Miss Helen—and "a personal matter," as she expressed it—had combined to stir him into coming up to this invigorating retreat.

"Now he's been able to do enough of those freak pictures to work himself out of the debt!" Helen exclaimed jubilantly.

"Won't that highbinder be surprised though. I know you found him because we have a night letter from him asking us to come back and be found. Also to please have father stop persecuting him. As though we cared a hoot. We did tell him, though, not to tell a soul where we were. So he must have obeyed orders.

"This Mr. Schafer, Helen?" said her father. "You speak as if you induced him to run up here with you. Surely—"

"Oh, not quite that. I induced him to run away somewhere where he could make snow pictures and where he could get away from—well, the personal matter I spoke of—but it was his insistence that I was his inspiration and that he wouldn't be able to do any work alone that helped me to kick up my heels.

"Morton here had been giving me orders and Mamma had backed him up and I just told them where they could head in and left. Of course, I wouldn't have done it if it hadn't been for Mr. Schafer's predicament—and the surprise—and the fact that I think the world of him. I'm really beginning to believe there can be Platonic affection in the world—we're pretty close to proving it, we two are."

"Helen," said Mr. Edeson, "just wait until I order a telephone connection to the house to tell your mother and then I hope to meet Mr. Schafer and this surprise you are talking about. Frankly you have me all befuddled."

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While he was gone Morton Varney monopolized Helen's attention. On Mr. Edeson's return she took them to her quarters on the second floor of a detached cottage and there unveiled the surprise. It was a life-size portrait of herself.

And such a portrait! The artist had set down in glowing color the coruscating, devastating beauty of the girl and had done it with such a world of warm sympathy that she seemed to breathe there on the canvass.

The three men gasped at the living image they saw there. The father and the suitor saw in it the girl they loved. But to Captain Raye it had a special meaning:

"So that was the double we were hunting for!" he exclaimed.

"You see he had the head just sketched in when he had to leave his studio because of some difficulty," said Helen to her father, "and that was the big reason why I came up here with him. I meant to accept Morton when he should return today and I had my mind all made up to give you and mother this picture before I married, so I had to devise some way to continue the sittings.

"Therefore when Morton and Mamma began telling me I couldn't do this and couldn't do that I decided I could do both—and I did."

"Helen, dear, how could you sit for this and keep it secret in the long run. We'll have to pay for it, of course."

"Oh, no, that's part of it. I sat for him for some potboilers to pay for the portrait. He says that counting the inspiration I have been to him for his futuristic stuff he is overpaid even if he doesn't get a lot of publicity from this portrait, which I have promised him he shall.

"I count him a discovery of mine and I intend to do everything I can for him. There's only one thing wrong—he may have to change the name on that label there to Mrs. Morton Varney because I've a notion to marry Morton right off—if he'll have me after this escapade."

"Which he will, dearie!" spoke up Morton.

"I do not know much about it," continued Helen, "but I'll wager there has been some talk about me at home, so I have thought out a way to explain it all—if Morton here is willing—"

Morton moved to her side on the sofa and assured her he would agree to anything she might wish.

"Then this is my idea," said she. "If Morton and I are married here and keep on traveling on our honeymoon everybody will believe that my disappearance was just due to my elopement with Morton. It will really add a sort of glamor to our marriage and all the people who have heard that I was away will praise us for being up-to-date instead of gossiping about me."

"Helen, you're a Portia," cried Morton, "you've won your case. We'll be married tonight in Kingston and then we'll go up to Quebec for the tobogganing—Father here being willing, of course."

"A happy solution, my boy—but I wish the proposal had come from you," was the elder's comment.

"Oh, I'd just didn't get time to say it," gayly replied the younger man. "Why do you suppose I insisted on coming on this trip? I hoped for that very thing."

The half hour that was left before starting for the train was filled with introductions to Schafer, found hard at work in his quarters on the ground floor, and with a hasty luncheon.

On the train Captain Raye, unable to forget altogether that he was of the police, obtained from Schafer the explanation of the two men whose appearance had made him run away from Brooklyn.

Schafer, being of German descent, had been an earnest pacifist in the early part of the world war and had been drawn into that section of the pacifist organization engaged in militant opposition to war. After America's entry into the conflict he had decided that there was only one side for him and that was America's. He had consequently dropped out of the pro-German pacifist crowd. At the end of about a year he had felt it his duty to complain to the government of the almost treasonable behavior of some of his former comrades and six of them had been sent to Leavenworth. The presidential amnesty of 1923 had freed these men and he had fled from California, where he had been living, to escape them.

They had several times threatened his life for what they considered treachery, he said. The appearance of two of them opposite his house in Brooklyn had determined him to flee on a day's notice, leaving no trace. And he had carried out the plan after persuading Miss Edeson that the only hope of finishing her portrait lay in going with him. The airplane flight had been their way of escaping without leaving a trail. Their air pilot had landed them above Kingston, then had continued north on some errand of his own.

"Helen has a strange activating influence on me," said he. "She is an inspiration and at the same time a helpful critic. I owe to her entirely my success at working out of my debt to Meeroubjian. I shall always owe her more than I can ever repay."

Reaching Kingston Captain Raye asked Mr. Edeson to wire Foster. "There's no use of his wasting any more time down there at Mineola," he said. "He has run his deductions into the ground."

Mr. Edeson mused a minute.

"I'll send a wire to Judge Varney to telegraph Foster and to include news of the marriage. That will end his interest, too."

AT a Kingston hotel, where Mrs. Edeson and Ralph Edeson, her son, met them as a result of her husband's request by telephone, a local minister married Morton Varney and Helen Edeson.

The bride wore the best gown she had been able to buy in the stores of Kingston before supper. She would put on neither veil nor wreath and the reason became apparent when just before the ceremony she slipped out a few hairpins and with a shake of her head sent a heavy mass of nut-brown hair rippling down to her waist.

"There, stranger," her eyes seemed to say as she looked at Captain Raye, one of the three outside witnesses to the ceremony. So she was married with her hair streaming down her back.

"What did she do that for," the local hotel clerk who had been asked in to act as a witness, whispered in Captain Raye's ear.

"Go read some medieval history," said Captain Raye, "or at least read 'When Knighthood Was in Flower.' That'll give you the cue."

"What's that got to do with her—she's a modern girl," said the clerk.

"The most modern I ever saw," said the Captain. "What time's the New York train—it's almost Christmas."

THE END.

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(*Continued from page* 32)

point, from which they can observe street conditions. But under no circumstances, save such as have been outlined, are they permitted to enter a building. If the commanding officer of a squad is compelled to abandon the command he may designate another member of the party to take it over, delivering to him the card of credentials and such instructions as given to him at the station house.

Returning from tour the men on Streifen-Dienst duty report to the desk officer all matters of interest and these are entered in the blotter.

Conditions are unsettled in Berlin just now, riots being frequent, and so all officers on fixed posts are provided with light machine guns, 1,000 rounds of ammunition being served out to them as they leave the station house. Hand grenades and extra ammunition are delivered to them by wagons if needed.

PATROL service is divided into "watches," and each "watch" consists, as a rule, of thirty patrolmen, one lieutenant, one acting captain and one sergeant. Like most of the other procedures of the Berlin police, reliefs are accomplished in strictly military fashion. The outgoing platoon is led to the relieving point as a military guard would march in close formation in charge of a superior officer.

Men who are relieved take the places in the marching body of the men who relieve them, and thus the platoon loses nothing in numbers as it passes, although it changes in personnel. In the same close formation in which it started out, it returns to the station house, its members thence going home or into the reserve, as the case may be with each man.

These points which have been made were those most interesting to the visiting Americans of our party because they were the principal points of difference between the police of Berlin and the police of New York. Further details of the Berlin uniformed Police organization are:

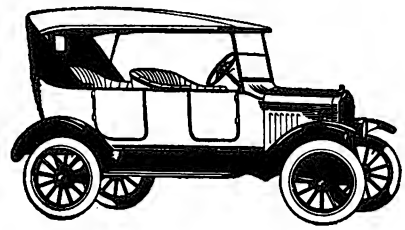
For a population of approximately two millions, Berlin has 13,767 patrolmen, supervised by 604 superior officers. Sergeants and top-sergeants are enumerated as patrolmen.

The Berlin police attend to the city proper and a considerable environmental territory. The city proper is divided into twenty-one police districts and each is commanded by a major. These districts may be called inspection districts if you like, although the term is used here somewhat differently from the manner in which it is used in the United States.

Three or four inspection districts are combined in what is called a police "groupe," at the head of which is a Police Colonel. There are six such groups. We refer now, of course, to the uniformed police. The chief of the uniformed force is Commandeur Kuppisch, whom we found one of the most obliging of police officials.

In Berlin there are 161 police stations, thirty-seven district guard houses, nine railroad guard houses and forty-three village posts.

There are 270 mounted members of the Berlin force, their horses being quartered in stables scattered about the great city. Besides making a patrol of certain of the city's busiest thoroughfares as controllers of traffic, the mounted men guard the several tracts of woodland in the outskirts of Berlin. Always a certain number of mounted men are held in reserve to act, if need be, at



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the time of disorderly political or other disturbances involving large numbers of people.

The detective force of Berlin will be described in a future article, but its work of course closely interlocks with that of the uniformed force. Two or more detectives are assigned to each station house. But they are not exactly part of the uniformed force, which is designated as the "Safety Police."

The personnel of each station consists of at least sixteen patrolmen, recruited from the reserves—men who have passed the examination and, so to speak, are waiting under pay for their chance. In urgent cases the commander of any district—or precinct, that word being more familiar to Americans—may call for help on the Inspection District.

EVERY person living in Berlin must be registered at the Police Precinct in which he is domiciled. A card, bearing his name and the index number of his registration, is kept regularly and constantly available. The information which the cards carry includes a description and age and place of birth. Besides being filed alphabetically, these documents are filed according to the date of birth. A third card (blue) is filed in accordance with residential locality as indicated by house street numbers. Copies are sent to and filed by the central registration bureau at Police Headquarters.

All changes of residence must be reported to the police sergeant of the section in which they are registered, and if the removal is to another district a new registration must be filed there. It is customary to furnish on demand information with regard to any registered person—that is, any one of the total population. Name and date of birth will identify him for this purpose.

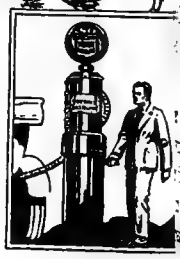
The scheme of duty of the uniformed force is virtually the same as the three platoon system as worked out in New York. Changes of service go into effect at 1 P. M. in the precinct station houses, half the men going on patrol, the other half remaining in the houses. The patrol service lasts in each section two or three hours, according to the following plan: from 1 to 4, 4 to 7, 7 to 9, 9 to 11, 11 to 2, 2 to 5, 5 to 7, 7 to 9, 9 to 11, 11 to 1. Each man, therefore, has twelve hours on patrol and twelve hours in reserve.

Every man on section post or fixed post is provided with a loose-leaf book in which, when on duty, he makes notes of all happenings. In this book certain information likely to be of value to the men is permanently noted, as the location of fire alarm boxes, residential street address and telephone numbers of physicians, foreign consular office locations and telephone numbers, etc. The books appertain to each post rather than to the men who serve on it, and when one goes off duty the book is passed along to the relieving policeman.

Relief occurs at specified points upon the streets, except in certain instances. If a man's relief is delayed more than fifteen minutes he goes to the station house with a statement of this fact.

THERE is no special traffic division in Berlin at the present time. Traffic, especially that of motorcars, has been slight since the war, and is only beginning to build up. Traffic posts are covered by the regular force. Even at the Potsdamer Platz, Berlin's busiest spots, the problem is in charge of the regular precinct officers. One man is on duty for each half of the period between 9 A. M. and 8 P. M.

SOMEWHERE just beyond the town the open fields begin. The hillsides are yellow and red with the first touch of autumn, and in between the corn stalks, golden pumpkins gleam.



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In all station houses instruction is given by the commanding officer from a quarter after eight in the morning till nine o'clock, patrol service on the street being reduced during this period so that as many men as possible may attend the lectures. Besides the lectures the sessions are the occasions of general discussions of police matters, with suggestions from all members of the force welcomed.

Special duty service is another valuable feature of the Berlin system. It consists, in a general way, of a specialized education of policemen in methods to be followed in cases of emergency. When such events as riots occur the men on special duty at the precincts will go in addition to the reserves, to give particularly competent service in case they are needed and to supervise in any event.

Besides the lectures I have mentioned there is a school for members of the force, with special courses on the Constitution of the Republic, economic questions, geography, the history of the German Empire, the German language, foreign languages, arithmetic and the higher mathematics. The courses are given by teachers of the city schools when off duty and each member of the uniformed force has eight hours a week of such instruction.

Further schooling is offered in a professional police school, where members of the uniformed force are taught to increase their powers of observation, to think quickly in emergencies and to thoroughly understand how to read, write and speak their mother-tongue.

Every precinct commander must inspect the section posts (the Streifen previously mentioned) and the fixed posts twice a day. At least three times a month such inspection must be made at unannounced hours of the night.

Frequent inspections by district inspectors also are required. These inspections are hampered by the poverty of the city, bicycles having been substituted for motor cars in the making of them.

Berlin is equipped with a good police signal system working from thirty-one boxes to which patrolmen have keys. Police assistance or ambulances can be summoned by the pulling of a lever in any of the boxes. A telephone in each box will allow the station to get into touch with the man through signalling him during the day with a ringing bell and at night with a flashing light. This system is similar to that in use in New York City.

Greatly curtailed by the economies necessitated by the present financial situation an increased automobile service for the police still remains a necessity, especially in view of the recurrent outbreaks of rioting. There are at the disposition of the entire police body 21 four-seated cars, 46 six-seated cars, 27 eight-seated fast patrol wagons, 34 fast trucks, 127 ordinary trucks, 8 sanitary wagons and 90 motorcycles, but these are used as little as possible in order to save gasoline.

The fast patrol vehicles are known as "attack wagons" and are especially useful in the event of riots. The one word "attack" spoken to a telephone exchange operator from any phone throughout Berlin will result in the immediate dispatch to the neighborhood of that particular telephone one of these 16 attack wagons. They take to the scene of the trouble as many men as they will carry, others following in the trucks at lesser speed.

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(*Continued from page 20*)

Looking again at your finger tips you are almost sure to see the common one of these two, that on the left. It is called the Ulnar Loop after the ulnar, or outer, bone of the arm. The theory of this is that the ridges of these loops when extended would in a general way parallel that ulnar bone. With the heads of their loops toward the thumb side of the hand, the ridges, if extended, would run diagonally outward and backward practically on the same lines as the ulnar bone. More than half of all fingerprints are ulnar loops.

The other pattern is called the radial loop after the radial or inner bone of the arm. Its ridges and point are practically at right angles to the ulnar loop and the ridges may be considered as paralleling the radial or inner bone of the arm.

THE foregoing descriptions give in a general way as much information about the various types of fingerprints as has been obtained by the scientists in all the centuries that fingerprinting has been practiced. You now know all the designs that appear on the fingertips of mankind.

Right here the problem rises; how can one classify these prints so that any set of them can be compared with any other set in a great collection within a few minutes?

Outside of police work fingerprints are very valuable to employers, to military commanders, to controllers of labor and to hundreds of other persons. But to one and all of these they are absolutely valueless unless they are in such order that any given set of fingerprints can be compared with those resembling it within a reasonable time.

Obviously if a great collection such as that of half a million prints in New York Police Headquarters were not arranged on some easily understandable system one had better not have the fingerprints. They would be worse than useless.

The police have a way of perfectly classifying any number of prints. Just step behind the scenes in the Bureau of Criminal Identification in New York and see how one set of fingerprints is differentiated from all of the 500,000 others. Also how it is indexed under a simple system of numbers and letters so that it and all prints resembling it can be brought to light within a short time.

The ordinary time taken for ascertaining whether a fingerprint of the same individual has ever been received is about two minutes. But in a few of the crowded classifications a search of fifteen minutes or longer is sometimes necessary.

There are times when this speed is very important. For instance a suspect may be in court on a "suspicion" charge and have freedom in prospect because there is no real case against him. It has often happened that a quick search of the fingerprint records has revealed such a man as a fugitive from justice and has thereby prevented his being set free to again prey on society.

TO obtain the key to this vast indexing system look again at your fingertips. You will observe that there are loops—or figures counted as such—on certain fingers, and whorls—or figures counted as such—on certain others. It is this arrangement of the two

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designs that fixes the primary classification of the prints, which is by numbers.

A set of your fingerprints with its individual arrangement of loops and whorls makes the same impression on a fingerprint expert that a blueprint does on an engineer. At sight of the prints the expert mentally classifies you as the possessor of a certain known combination of prints. How does he do it?

Fingerprints when taken are arranged on a card with the right hand over the left and both sets of prints arranged in this order from left to right—thumb, index finger, middle finger, ring finger, little finger. Thus the left thumb appears directly under the right thumb—and so through the list.

Taking such a set of prints the expert rapidly marks under each finger a letter or sign representing it. For whorls he sets down W; for a loop a slanting line to right or left according as the loop is ulnar or radial; for a tent, T; for an arch, A; for a twinned loop, T L; for a center pocket loop, C P; and for a lateral pocket loop, L P. Remember that all of these except loops, arches and tents are classed as whorls for the primary division.

This primary classification is a numerical one with 1.024 divisions, each indexed by a two-number index figure in the form of a fraction, thus $\frac{11}{20}$. This symbol must convey to any expert anywhere the story of just how many whorls and loops there are in each set of prints and on just what fingers they respectively appear.

Now for the method by which the experts express and compress into that small index number, the fact that there are so many whorls on a set of ten fingers and that they appear on certain specific fingers while all the other patterns are loops. The system behind the index symbol is this:

In classifying a set of fingerprints the expert can next write down a formula to represent it. In this formula W stands for whorls and L for loops. Such a formula might be $\frac{L\ W\ L\ W\ L}{W\ L\ L\ W\ W}$.

The letters above the lines represent right hand fingers, those below left hand.

NOW comes the transposition into figures. In eighty per cent. of the detective departments of the world the system used is that devised by former Commissioner of Police Sir Edward Henry of London, in which arbitrary numerical values are assigned to the whorls in the order in which they appear in a set of five fingers.

Under this plan the first whorl in the set of five fingers is given a value of 16. The second whorl in the same set has a value of 8; the third whorl 4; the fourth whorl 2; and the fifth whorl 1.

It will be apparent that for a set of five fingers that are all whorls the total of their values will be 16 plus 8 plus 4 plus 2 plus 1, or 31. For convenience in handling and as a fixed rule in this system, 1 is added to the total of any set of five fingers so that 32 is the index figure for five fingers, all of which are whorls.

Loops have no numerical value—are counted as 0. Therefore an index figure for five fingers represents solely the sum of the whorl values.

Thus in a set of five fingers if the second and fourth fingers are whorls the numerical index for that set

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of fingers will be 8 and 2 plus 1 or 11. This figure tells an expert that the first, third and fifth fingers are loops.

The adding of the 1 to each total figure simplifies the matter of telling which fingers are whorls and which are loops. Any total figure can be subtracted from 32 and the resulting figure at once tells on what fingers whorls are missing.

Thus if a total figure of 20 be subtracted from 32, the result, 12, at once tells the expert that whorls are wanting on the second and third fingers of the five under discussion. Eight and four representing those two fingers make up the only possible combination that will add up to 12. Therefore those fingers are loops.

A peculiarity of this system now must be considered. For the purposes of indexing under the Henry system the ten fingers of two hands are not divided into right and left hand sets but into two sets of five each, composed as follows: the lower figure or denominator of the final classification number represents the total arrived at by adding up the numerical values of alternate fingers as follows: right hand—thumb, middle finger, little finger; left hand—index finger, ring finger. The numerator or upper figure of the index symbol represents the addition of the numerical values of the remaining fingers, as follows: right hand—index finger, ring finger; left hand—thumb, middle finger and little finger.

The following diagram in which the right hand fingers are represented in the upper row in the order of their sequence from thumb to little finger and the left hand is similarly represented in the lower row, shows the values arbitrarily assigned to the respective fingers.

16	16	8	8	4
4	2	2	1	1

A little study will make one sufficiently familiar with this system so that once he has been given an index number, such as $\frac{11}{20}$, he can reconstruct the formula for a set of fingerprints in a few moments.

So much for the primary classification system. It is arranged entirely numerically according to the symbols indicating the various combinations of whorls and loops. In small collections of fingerprints it serves as the sole classification.

However, in great centres further classification is often necessary. When prints accumulate to a number which in cities like London and New York often reaches 500,000, some of the classifications naturally become far greater than others.

Since loops are the most common of all fingerprints the greatest division in most fingerprint collections is that called $\frac{1}{1}$, in which all the prints are those of loops. There are many thousands of these in a large collection, so it becomes necessary to find a secondary classification that will separate these into units for search.

The secondary classification both for these all-loop prints and for those including whorls is based on the character of the index fingers of the two hands. The

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ymbols representing these fingers are arranged one ver the other like the numerical symbols and follow hem in this fashion $\frac{1\ U}{1\ U}$. Right hand fingers are always above the line and left hand fingers below the ine in this letter classification and throughout all further classifications.

The great division under the $\frac{1}{1}$ classification is that in which the index fingers are both ulnar loops. A capital U is employed to represent the ulnar loop in each case and the symbol $\frac{1\ U}{1\ U}$ stands for a hand of all loops in which the index fingers are both ulnar loops.

The other secondary classifications based on the index fingers employ the letter T for tent; A for arch, and R for radial loop.

These letters are used as capitals when they refer to the index finger for the secondary classification. Where these variations appear on other fingers they are represented by small letters such as t for tent, a for arch, and r for radial loop, and are placed either before or after the index finger capital letter according to their position on the hands. A hand for instance that has a tent on the thumb and an arch on the index finger would be represented by the symbol tA. Should, however, a tent appear on a middle finger where there is an arch on the index finger the symbol would be At.

By the use of capital letters alone for the index fingers the great class of $\frac{1}{1}$ is at once resolved into 16 sub-divisions.

This accounts in the secondary classifications for all of the patterns found on fingers except those in which the whorls appear on the index finger. As the system of classifying these is somewhat more complicated than any of the others employed in fingerprinting work, it will be left to later explanation.

As examples of the secondary classification system two hands are described here and the proper symbols shown for them.

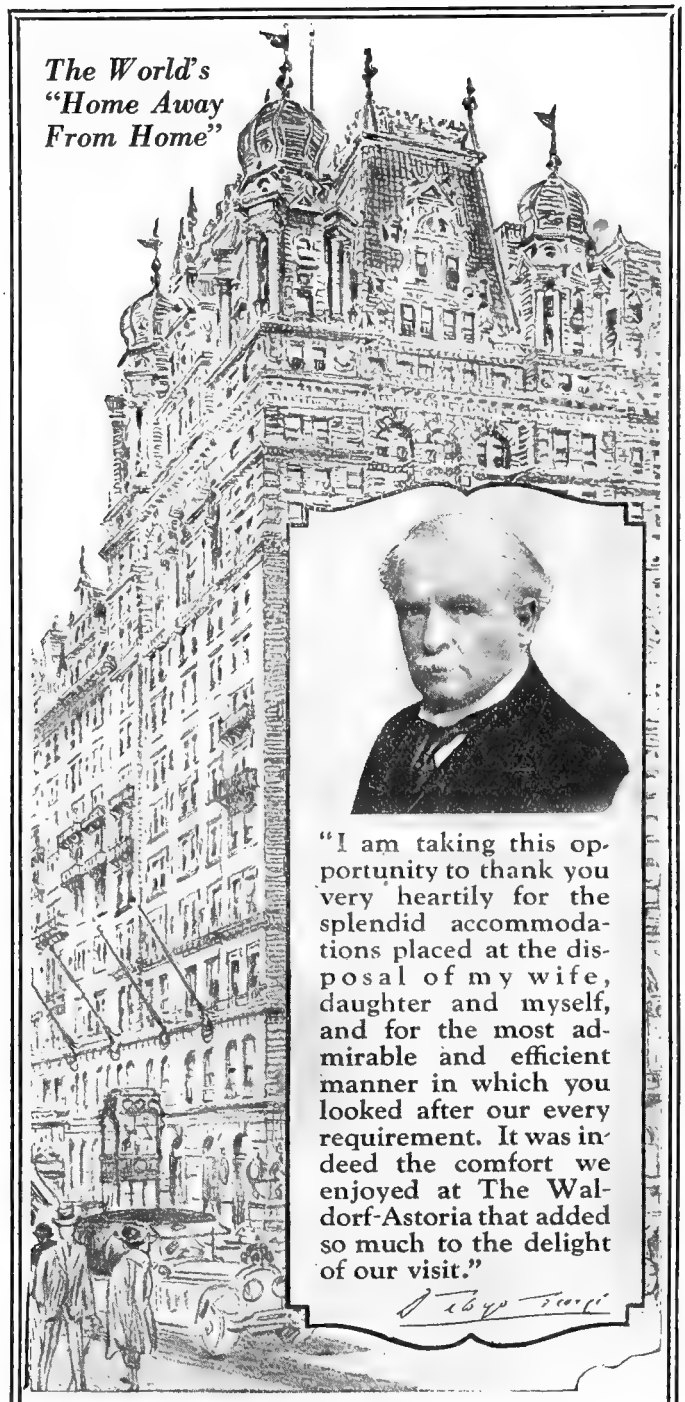
The first one is a right hand composed mostly of ulnar loops but with an arch on the little finger. This is represented by the symbol Ua.

The other hand has the following layout for which the proper symbols are given underneath the fingers.

Thumb	index finger	middle finger	ring finger	little finger
arch	tent	radial loop	arch	whorl
a	T	r	a	

Full formula of both hands would read: $\frac{2\quad va}{1\quad aTra}$

Having disposed of those hands which have prints varying from the common ulnar loop, we are left with the great class of $\frac{1\ U}{1\ U}$ prints that have no special marks on any of the fingers. In other words, the entire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hands are ulnar loops. For these a quite different system of classification has been devised.

The principal division of this class may require the use of the magnifying glass on the index and middle fingers of each hand. These two fingers are the basis for this third classification.

Referring back to the common loop pattern, you will observe that there is at one side a small three-pronged mark or ridge where the main stream or set of lines in the loop turns away from the cross stream of ridges that leads across all fingers at the base of the first joint.

This small triangular design marking the dividing point of the two "currents" appears at the side of the reproduction. It is called the "delta" from the Greek letter that is a triangle.

In order to differentiate the various ulnar loops appearing on the index and middle fingers of each hand a count is made of the ridges between the center of the loop and the delta in each case and a very fine classification results.

These ridges very considerably in number and the clever device has been thought out of dividing the fingerprint classes according to whether the ridges are above or below a certain number. On the index finger this dividing number is 9. The practiced eye can usually tell at a glance whether a print has more than nine ridges or fewer. It is only when the ridges are 8, 9 or 10 in number that it is necessary to count them.

Ten or more ridges on an index finger take the letter O—for "Outer"—and fingerprints having fewer than ten ridges are represented by the letter I—for "Inner."

NOW we have a primary classification based on the proportions of whorls and loops and on the positions of the whorls, a secondary classification according to the peculiarities of the index fingers, and a third classification for loops based on the number of ridges on the index and middle fingers of each hand.

We will imagine a case in which the index and middle fingers of the right hand have each more than ten ridges between the delta and the loop. On the left hand index and middle fingers of this same man, the number of ridges between the loop and the delta are in each case eight. The practiced eye readily discerns whether the ridges are small or large in number and that ordinarily without the use of the magnifying glass.

Such prints as that described will be represented by

$$\text{the symbol } \frac{1\ U\ O\ O}{1\ U\ I\ I}$$

In great collections of fingerprints even this subdivision is not sufficient, so in the New York department and in London as well, a sub-division inside of this is effected by the counting of the ridges between the loop and the delta in the little fingers. A characteristic symbol for two hands under this arrangement

$$\text{would be } \frac{1\ U\ OO\ 18}{1\ U\ II\ 12}.$$

In this case 18 represents eighteen ridges in the little finger of the right hand between loop and delta and 12 represents twelve ridges between the loop and the delta of the little finger of the left hand.

THE time is now approaching when a still further sub-division is becoming necessary for New York and London and other great cities, so the New York

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department is counting ridges in all fingers in loop patterns, so that the searcher who finds fingerprints corresponding to a complete classification or formula

$$\frac{1\ U\ IO\ 13}{---\ ---\ ---}$$ can readily determine whether the print

$$\frac{1\ U\ OI\ 5}{}$$

he is looking for has its duplicate in the collection by looking at the ridge counts of the other fingers. The aim is to so sub-divide all such classifications as to make it possible to search the files within not more than five or ten minutes.

HAVING explained the principles for differentiating the thousands of sections of the classification that are concerned solely with loop and arch designs, we must now return to the divisions involving the whorls.

Take, for instance, a classification $\frac{17}{11}$ — in which both index fingers are whorls. Here, for the first time, one comes across what seems at first sight to be an extremely complicated system of division. It is not based, as is the division of loops, on the number of ridges between the center and the delta, but on a peculiarity of whorls that must have been discovered by some Chinese pundit in the early days of fingerprinting in China or by some East Indian philosopher intent on the study of the fine points of the fingerprinting system.

Referring back to the print of a whorl, you will observe that there are on both sides deltas such as appear in the loop designs. Using this fact, division of the whorl prints is based on the course of the lower ridge that runs out to the delta on the left. With the help of the microscope this ridge is traced across the finger to the opposite delta on the right. At this point this ridge can occupy one of three positions. It can, first, meet the delta on the right; secondly, it can pass well inside of it toward the whorl; thirdly, it can pass outside of the delta on the right.

Based on these facts, the whorl prints are divided into three sections, namely, "Meeters," in which the ridge spoken of runs from the delta on the left to the delta on the right and touches that delta; "Inners," which are prints in which the ridge is traced to a point inside of the delta on the right; "Outers," in which the ridge is traced to a point outside of the delta on the right. The symbols for these three are M for "Meeters," I for "Inners," and O for "Outers."

These whorl classifications of the index fingers indicated by the letters M, I and O, have nine possible combinations. Despite this, these classes sometimes get too large for convenience. They are then sub-divided by a count of ridges on the little fingers of the right and left hands just as the patterns that had loops on the index fingers were divided.

This system of classification is capable of almost indefinite expansion.

SO far collections of fingerprints—full sets of them—have been dealt with. But they are not the only fingerprints that it is necessary to identify. How about the print of one lone finger, that is found at the scene of a crime? How is that traced

It is unfortunately true that the fingerprint expert ofttimes has to identify a man from such a single print, say one that has been found on a safe or a glass or—

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as now-a-days—on an automobile. In taking account of these the expert moves into the higher realms of fingerprinting and must deal with the most minute details of a print.

For an illustration there are shown these prints:

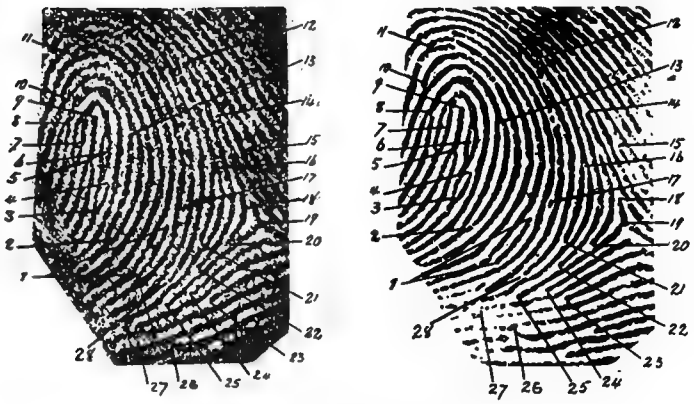

Illustration From Sir Edward Henry's Book, "Fingerprint Classification"

One of these was found at the scene of a crime and later was identified by comparison with the other, which was an authentic print of a man who had before been convicted of a crime.

The little things that made possible the identification of this fingerprint are such minute matters as the branching of a single ridge in two parts at a certain point, the forming of a small island by the division of a ridge into two parts for a minute distance, or the ending of a ridge at a particular point shown in the pattern. Some finger impressions found at the scene of crime have few of these identifying marks, while others have shown so many that, as in this case, twenty-eight separate points of identification can be established by experts. The resemblances are pointed out in the diagram.

Now for the practical application of this:

Suppose there has been a murder incident to an interruption of a safe-cracking. A citizen has been killed and the yeggmen have escaped seemingly without leaving any record of who they were.

Stay! There is just one trace—a fingerprint on the smooth varnish of the safe. A trained detective finds it and acts on the principle that the first twenty-four hours is more valuable than a month of later time for the purpose of unearthing the murderers.

He rushes to Police Headquarters with a reproduction of the print that he has obtained by powdering it and photographing the result.

There is no time in which to search all through the files, for that lone fingerprint among the 5,000,000 individual fingerprints on file in New York Headquarters. What do the police do in order that the murderers may not have time to get far away before an alarm can be sent out for them?

Briefly, they make first several assumptions that are dictated by long experience. First they assume that the print is probably from a right hand, since that is the hand generally employed in active work. Next, that the print is probably an index finger, since that is the active digit with which all mankind usually first touches an object. Next, that the print is probably one from the hand of someone already known as a safe-blower.

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tification has found that these assumptions come true in about ninety per cent. of their cases. In other words, they are able to get quick trace of a criminal about nine-tenths of the time. In the other one-tenth of the cases they have to employ the tedious method of going through all the files in which the fingerprint they seek might possibly be hidden.

To return to the assumptions. Taking them up in reverse order, the fingerprint specialists go at once to the special Headquarters file that is labelled "Safe-blowers." There are gathered the photographs and records of all the men who have been arrested for safe-blowing. Their fingerprints are not there, but the index symbols representing their fingerprints are written on the records.

After assumption comes elimination. The police set to work on a well-known principle.

The fingerprint found on the safe we will say is a whorl. Assuming then that it is an index finger, the searchers know that only safe-blowers whose fingerprint index numbers exceed 16 in the numerator are among the possibilities in this particular case.

This at once narrows their search down to probably a dozen men out of the several hundred safe-blowers who are card-indexed for the safety of the public. The searchers take out the ten or dozen cards of safe-blowers with index numerators greater than 16 and look them over. Some of the men are in prison and therefore are instantly eliminated.

The remaining records, say eight in number, are listed and the fingerprint cards of the men named on them are brought out. Nine times out of ten the whorl print found on the safe is discovered on the right index finger of one of these sets of prints. From that instant the police know at least for whom to search—for what particular "mob" of yeggman they must hunt.

The procedure is the same when a single fingerprint is found on a glass, or an automobile, or on any other object with which a criminal's fingers come in contact. The search differs only in that it is made in other divisions of the files in which criminals are classified according to the character of their crimes.

WITH this description of the methods of classifying and identifying fingerprints it is hoped that the reader has obtained such knowledge of the subject as will lead him to take a special interest in them on occasion. You who read this may some day be the first person to arrive at the scene of a mysterious crime. In that case, what you have read here should make you understand the tremendous importance of preserving all fingerprints and of seeing that all surfaces on which fingerprints may have been left are carefully safeguarded. Handle, not—touch not! should be your motto.

The importance of such preservation must be obvious to all who know how readily the police departments can compare any print found near the scene of any crime, with their immense files of fingerprints of criminals and persons of criminal tendencies.

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In Black and White

(*Continued from page 25*)

The colored chauffeur stopped. We told him we were looking for a colored man on a business matter and showed him the photograph.

"Why, yes," he said, "that looks like the new hand that came in a week or so ago. Go over to the kitchen; you'll find him there."

We got directions as to where the kitchen was located. We went around to a rear door and entered. And there we found Sam.

I walked straight up to him and said:

"Sam Price, you are under arrest."

The negro's eyes rolled up in his head, his face went gray, his knees shook and his teeth began to chatter.

"Wha-wha-what f-for?"

"You know very well what for. For killing that peddler!"

Of course I didn't have the slightest ground for the accusation. But the random shot went home, and from the negro's terror and almost complete physical collapse I knew I had the right man.

In a little while we got the whole story from him. When he left the Burroughs home with the money he had stolen, he remembered a few trifling belongings he had left in the old house and thought he might as well go by and get them. He had gone into the cellar for his bundle when he heard a noise.

Hiding, he saw Jacob Price coming down the stairs. The peddler had learned that the basement was temporarily unoccupied and obviously was intent upon taking up quarters there until he should be ousted. It flashed through Sam's mind that the man might have collected some money and he decided to rob him.

The peddler fished around in his pockets and dug out a sandwich. As he deliberately munched it, his hidden foe watched his every movement. Then Jake drew some coins out of his pocket. After counting them, he unbuckled a money belt concealed beneath his clothing and added the coins to his store.

As he bent over to replace the belt, Sam crept up behind him with the furnace shaker.

Sam said the belt contained more than $400. He had kept it following the robbery, and he turned it over to us.

We brought the negro back to New York. He pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree and is now serving a life sentence in prison.

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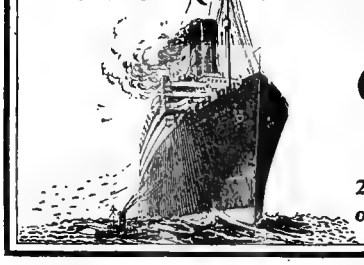

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Actual Fingerprint Sent by Wire

Marked Advance in Transmission of Criminal Identification Marks is Achieved by Telephone Company

A GREAT step forward in the transmitting information for criminal identification purposes was taken on July first at the offices of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Fifth Avenue Building, New York City.

The Republican Convention was in session then, and a newly invented telegraphic process for transmitting pictures was being experimented with. Photographs of President Coolidge and of Senator Oscar Underwood of Alabama had been sent to Chicago when it occurred to Mr. E. F. Watson, of the telephone company that the transmitting of the fingerprint of a criminal would be a highly interesting and valuable test of the telefoto machine.

Accordingly, Mr. Watson communicated with Police Commissioner Enright and asked his opinion. The Commissioner agreed that such a trial would have a high experimental value, and at his suggestion Deputy Commissioner Faurot and Acting Captain John Golden of the Bureau of Criminal Identification selected a fingerprint of a criminal, whose prints were known to be on file also in the Chicago Detective Bureau. This print was transmitted by the new process to the Chicago Police Department for identification, a telegram as follows preceding it:

"Can you identify John Doe. Fingerprint classification ten over eight double O over one. Photo of left forefinger transmitted herewith.

"ENRIGHT, Police Commissioner."

Only the print of the left forefinger was sent by the telefoto machine. The sending process began at 5:41 the evening of July 1. The completed picture of the fingerprint was received at the Chicago office of the telephone company at 5.46, New York time, and the picture was delivered to the Identification Bureau at Chicago Police Headquarters at 6.45. Identification of the print was made at 6.47, or just two minutes after the photo had been received at the Bureau.

The fingerprint transmitted was that of a well-known pickpocket who had been arrested at different times in both cities.

As the new process seems likely to be generally adopted by newspapers and other agencies for the purpose of quickly transmitting pictures, there is every likelihood that it will soon be at the disposal of the police for identification purposes.

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UNDER AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

Published by Police Publishing Co., Inc., 487 Broadway, New York
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ERROL E. HART, Editor and Manager
GEORGE F. NOLAN, Advertising Manager

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The Greatest Criminal

THERE is one criminal in the United States for whom the verdict is always GUILTY. Just one criminal who never escapes the condemnation of court, jury and spectators. That criminal is the pistol. The unnecessary tool that is used for but one purpose—man-killing. The pistol has no other employment.

Ten thousand persons in the United States were killed by the pistol bullets of others in the year 1923. Police officials estimate that a great percentage of these crimes would not have occurred had there been no pistols.

As many more persons ended their own lives by the same means. Of this latter a large percentage might not have slain themselves but for the convenient means the pistol afforded. How different is the story in England, where the pistol is almost unknown.

These facts concerning America mean something to every reader—TO YOU.

Do not wave them aside with the idea that the question of the pistol is purely one for the police and the criminal classes. The question of the pistol is one for you and your fellow citizens to decide.

Do not be misled into thinking that the problem is of no interest to you. That greatest of all American criminals, the pistol, invades every class of home. In proportion to their numbers, millionaires use it as much as gunmen.

When ten thousand persons are shot down by others in a year in a country where that number should be one-tenth of what it is, there is but one explanation for the other nine-tenths of the cases, and that explanation is the prevalence of the pistol.

YOU are endangered by the pistol. You are living under its menace at all times. It is as much a peril to you as the speeding automobile, against which you find time and energy enough to cry out.

Why not cry out against the deadly pistol, without which life in the United States would be far safer and far sweeter.

Some persons are lethargic in this cause merely because they think the object too difficult to attain. Yet Congress can by the mere passage of a single act forbidding the shipment of pistols in interstate commerce stop three-fourths of the distribution of the weapons in the United States, and at the same time set an example that will be followed by many states within a short time after the passage of such an act.

The sources of pistol supply then would be dammed and the sale and use of pistols in probably half of the states of the Union would be penalized.

The contrast bound to develop between those states where the pistol is under the ban and the law is strictly enforced by their police forces and those other states in which it is still permitted would become notable in a very short time. Its result would be that the state governments that lagged in the extirpation of this deadly weapon would soon find themselves forced by public opinion to take action similar to that of their sister commonwealths.

It is not unduly optimistic to predict that within a few years the United States, or at least its thickly settled sections, can be made practically pistol-less. There is no law on the statute books that would be enforced by the police forces of America with greater enthusiasm than would one making the manufacture, sale or carrying of a concealed weapon heavily punishable.

When the penalty for having pistols shall be a jail term, without the option of a fine, and the number of pistol permits shall be sharply cut down to actual needs, the pistol will practically disappear out of American life.

This greatest of criminals has already been found guilty. Why is sentence suspended?

Ask your representative in Congress.

Ask your newspaper by letter.

Let your sentiments be known.

Watching the Franks Case

EVERY police official the country over has been watching with interested eyes the long-drawn-out procedure of the Franks murder hearing in Chicago. Would it be too much to say that the police in general have been watching it with expectant eyes?

Men engaged in the enforcement of the law are a unit in the hope that the outcome will be a sentence of death. Such men can clearly foresee that should a milder sentence be pronounced there inevitably will be an outcropping of imitative crime. Should Loeb and Leopold escape the gallows there is no estimating the number of similar defenses that will be offered by delinquents of one kind and another.

Youthful phantasies! Childish compacts! Underdeveloped emotional natures! Insensibility!

What a convenient flock of easily contrived defenses!

Once such excuses are admitted in a leading case who can predict the end of the long series of defenses that will be based on just such commonplace conditions of existence.

No imagination is needed to picture the increase of work that will fall to all police departments should such defenses prevail.

Far more than the lives of Leopold and Frank depend on Judge Caverly's decision.

Incidental to this discussion it is worthy of note that Dr. Carleton Simon's analysis of the Franks case in the July number of POLICE MAGAZINE has been abundantly borne out by the expert testimony in Chicago. How true was his conclusion that the defense could not successfully plead insanity, especially a dual, cooperating insanity in two persons. How true was his conclusion that the two youths were fully cognizant of what they were doing and of the consequences of their crime.

The proceeding before Judge Caverly has unavoidably brought into relief a reform but lately established in New York state for the handling of seemingly insane or

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mentally deficient prisoners. The last New York legislature passed an act that had long been demanded by prosecutors and law enforcement officials, and which provides that prisoners advancing pleas of mental deficiency shall be examined by a board of psychopathic experts appointed by the courts and responsible only to the courts. Had such a measure been in effect in Illinois probably twenty days of the court's time would have been saved in the Franks case.

Far more important, there would have been no such long-drawn-out appearances of alienists on the two sides with each one that appeared for the defense paired by an expert presenting views diametrically opposite on behalf of the prosecution. Under the New York plan the court's committee of alienists would report to the court, which would probably adopt its finding as conclusive.

As a sound and sane summing up of the issues in the case every man interested in the enforcement of the law will endorse these statements from the lips of Thomas Marshall, Assistant State's Attorney:

"If this murder does not deserve punishment by death, then no case in the history of Illinois has deserved that punishment.

"A man is either wholly responsible, in a legal sense, or he is not responsible at all. If these defendants knew that they were doing wrong, if they realized that what they were doing would subject them to justice, then they must be punished according to the law.

"The lesser punishments of fourteen years in the penitentiary or imprisonment for life are for lesser crimes. They do not fit this case."

New Ontario Police Head

W. H. Lougheed, former Inspector of Police at Port Arthur, Ontario, has been appointed head of the Provincial Police, Ontario, to succeed J. H. Putnam, who is being transferred to Port Arthur to take Inspector Lougheed's place.

Motorists Clothe Traffic Men

The esteem in which Cincinnatians hold the members of their police force is evinced by the fact that the Cincinnati Automobile Club supplies gray shirts each summer for the traffic men to wear instead of their heavy coats.

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Fortune-Telling Fakers

(*Continued from page* 8)

other story and one to be told another month. Besides the meeting did not take place the next day.

ALAS for the best laid plans of detectives—they depend on the plans and doings of crooks.

It was for that reason that I found my hunt for Omna, and for Malluk as well, halted suddenly the next morning by a call from Deputy Commissioner Dougherty to take part in the detective work resulting from the great taxicab robbery in Trinity Place.

It was a big thing at the time—a $25,000 hold-up, but few suspected its real importance. This was that it set a fashion—furnished a pattern for a long series of holdups that are still going on. It was the first important use of the motor car in banditry.

When I entered the Commissioner's office I dropped Omna and Malluk from my mind and strained all my faculties toward the apprehension of the taxi bandits.

How for almost a week I served as a housemaid in a cheap rooming house on Fourteenth street and through facts I gleaned from two women there enabled my brother detectives to meet the notorious Eddie Collins as he stepped off a train—all that is well-written history.

RETURN with me to my normal beat—Soothsayers avenue—as I regained it on the morning after Eddie Collins was put in the Tombs. The Missing Persons Bureau had been looking for me for twenty-four hours almost as assiduously as it might have sought some absent girl. Of course no one but Commissioner Dougherty and two of his men knew that with frowsy hair and torn dress I was dusting the stairs and washing the long unwashed woodwork of a Fourteenth street rooming house. So the Missing Persons Bureau had left an urgent message that I was to call at once. Evidently things had been happening. And besides, here was Herbert Clark waiting for me, reproachful that he had not been able to find me for two days.

Herbert was on pins and needles. "Helen's been back," he eagerly cried, "and now she's gone again. She was only home an hour and then she went back to Lake Hopatcong to get more money from her aunt. That was three days ago, and we haven't heard from her and she hasn't been at her aunt's. What're we to do?"

Gradually I calmed him into coherence and learned that Helen's original disappearance had been due to a trip to Lake Hopatcong where she had hoped to get money from her relative, and had.

"How's that?" I asked. "Wasn't the money from the bank enough—or did she pay all that out for love charms?"

"How did you guess it? She paid Malluk one hundred dollars for a charm that was guaranteed to bring me back—oh, Mrs. Goodwin, you can't imagine how conscience-stricken I feel about this thing! That poor girl thinking so much of me that she bought love charms and tried to cast a spell on me that night in Central Park. I had had no idea that she cared so much. Do you know I am beginning to reciprocate—I'm falling in love with her."

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"Love charm working?" was my seemingly unfeeling comment.

"No, indeed; but love brings love, don't you think? Why when I learned that she cared so much for me my heart just yearned for her."

"Did it quit yearning for the other girl?" That was the test question. If he had left her there was hope——

"Oh, I bid her good-bye the second night after I learned about Helen. I couldn't keep it up. All my interest was in Helen then. Hearing of her love for me was as if she were a magnet and I an armature. I longed to leap to her—but she was gone again. And now she's lost. And I love her deeply, Mrs. Goodwin, I know that now."

He was unusual to say the least. He preferred the conquest he had made to the one still to be made. My observation had been that most men give first place to the girl who is to be won, and second place to her who has been won.

I had to get him back to the practicalities of life.

"But about Helen now? How was it that she stayed away two days without a word?"

"Why the day she disappeared she gave Malluk the hundred dollars for the love charm and then she went to Central Park and spread it all around me—poor fool that I was to let her get away."

"Only you see I didn't know she wasn't going home and I had Mildred with me. Helen kept on working spells at Malluk's house in Second avenue all that night, and then the next morning Malluk wanted more money. The poor girl had taken all she had in the bank, so she went out to Lake Hopatcong to her aunt's to get more money. There was some delay on the railroad and she didn't find her aunt in until evening. Then she had to stay overnight.

"And because she was trying to keep her errand secret from her mother she didn't dare let her know where she was. Then is when we began hunting for her. She stayed on in Lake Hopatcong another day so that her aunt could get together some money for her and she left there just the morning that my telegram arrived asking about the money. She was gone, so the aunt wired me.

"Went right back to Malluk's of course, instead of home?"

"Yes—" he said this hesitatingly—"she did." She only had fifty dollars and it wasn't as much as Malluk wanted, but she took it and cast a white powder over Helen and told her she was free."

"Free," was my exclamation, "free of what?"

"Why, don't you know? Don't you even guess?"

"What are you driving at? Love charms? Philtres made of witches' claws and toads' eyeballs—so they say?"

He halted for a moment's silence. And then, impressively——

"Malluk put Helen under the Evil Eye!"

The threat that had been made against me! And this girl had fallen victim to it. At once a sisterly interest in her surged up within me. "No Evil Eye can bluff me!" I had said and I had meant every word of it. Now it was for me to prove my assertion. I had been challenged to battle—and with the woman who was expected to be my destroyer.

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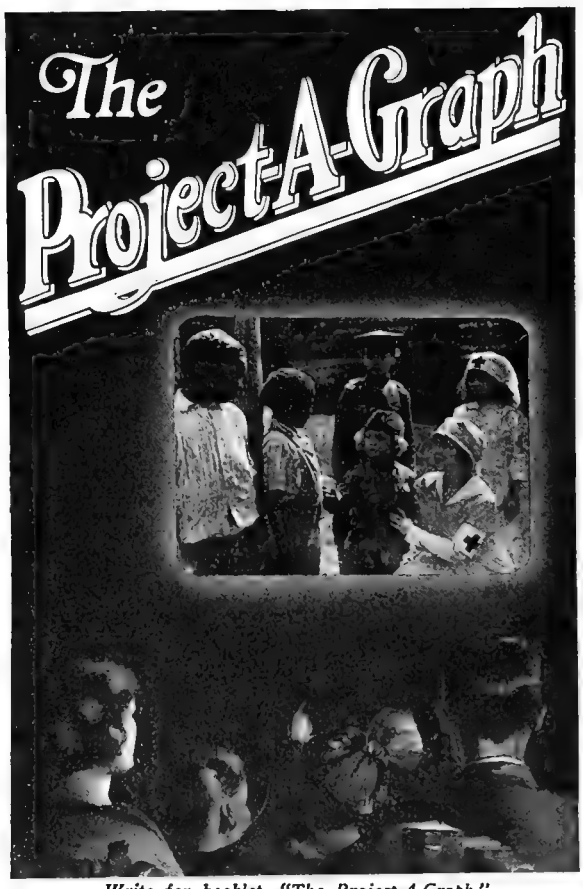

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So that was what had happened. The Evil Eye! Many were the tales I had heard of it and of its practitioners, but never before had I had opportunity to hunt one of them down. Eagerly I took up the chase.

"You say Malluk set her free afterward. Then how is it that she is missing again?"

"Why Malluk never set her free—she just told her she did. Helen went home and all the time she was traveling away from Malluk, she said, she felt the pull of the spell—pulling her back to Malluk."

"Then she returned home and when she found her mother——"

"She was happy over Helen's return, of course——"

"Happy—there never will be happiness in that house again until Malluk lifts the curse——"

"What's this—you believe in this stuff?"

"Never mind what I believe—I'm telling you what I see."

"Well, the mother, what about her—what do you see?"

"I see her down in bed—as Helen found her."

"From worrying over Helen?"

He looked at me pityingly. As if he thought, "What kind of a detective are you?"

"Don't you really know?" was his question. And he himself answered it. My look was answer enough.

"Mrs. Ludek is under the Evil Eye too!"

"How can that be?" I asked.

"She went to Malluk after you did to plead with her to find Helen and return her. She believed the woman was holding Helen—but instead of rescuing Helen she was herself put under the spell. She went home and went to bed and has been there ever since."

"So Helen found her in bed?"

"Yes, Helen only stayed home an hour. Then she went back to Lake Hopatcong to get more money, all for Malluk. That woman will milk them of every cent they have saved. Mrs. Ludek paid her fifty dollars and even then the woman put her under the spell."

"Spell! That's all nonsense," said I. "We'll go up there and get Mrs. Ludek out of that. Then we'll find Helen again. You say she started for Hopatcong?"

"Yes, she was going out on the 2:40 train on the Lackawanna."

"And she never arrived? If that's that case, we have two places to look—Malluk's and along the Lackawanna. We'll try the ferries and the station and the towns along the road and we ought to get trace of her. I'll go right at that."

I left him to take up the call from the Missing Persons Bureau. When I reached there I was greeted with——

"Who's Malluk?"

My eager questioning brought out that a girl in a Paterson hospital had been asking to be taken to Malluk, the woman of the Evil Eye. The Missing Persons Bureau suspected that the girl was the one I had asked about and since the day before had been looking for me to send me to Paterson. "Let's see, that's on the Lackawanna, isn't it?" said I. "It surely must be Helen Ludek." So I took a train for the great city of silk.

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Arriving at the hospital, I was taken at once to elen's bedside. The nurse was evidently much put out the peculiar case, she said no one could understand. elen, she said, was begging to be taken to some one alled "Malluk," who, she said, could release her from er illness. This was quite beyond the comprehension f the nurse and the doctors.

Posing as a friend of the girl's mother, I told her I ad come to get her well again. She had been de-cribed to me as pretty. As I saw her there she had een pretty—but sunken cheeks and hollow eyes had eplaced features once attractive.

"How can I get well," she said, "with the Evil Eye orever on me. I begged Malluk to take off the charm, ut she only threw some white powder on me that made worse. You will take me to her, will you not, and et her to release me?"

"But how can I get her to release you?"

"With money. One hundred dollars she asked to undo he charm. Only one hundred dollars, and I have it ere—money I obtained from an aunt at Lake Hopat-ong."

"If you had money why didn't you come on to New ork? What stopped you here?"

"What holds me here? I tried to run away from alluk. But when I thought of it needles darted hrough my arms."

Suiting action to the word she grasped at her lower rm and worked her muscles as if she sought to relieve itter physical pain. Her face was contorted and you ould have believed her the victim of red-hot needles.

"They thrust right through my side if I so much as hink of not going back to Malluk."

"Foolish child, your mother will laugh at you to hear ou talk so."

"My mother! She's worse than I am. That's why I ent to get all this money. My mother, who believed nly in God, and who was a good religious woman—she ent to Malluk to ask her to release me and Malluk urned her eyes sidewise—so—on her." The girl illus-rated with a menacing sidewise look that was terrible n its intensity.

"That was the way she looked at my mother, and now y poor mother believes in devils. She's black in the ace, choked by the Evil Eye. I must get to Malluk ith the money for mother."

"I'll take you at once to Malluk's, and you can free ourself of the charm, and your mother, too. How uch does she want for the two of you?"

"One hundred dollars, and she says she will undo he charm like a puff of smoke."

"Are you sure there is no other way?"

"No, only maybe one. I've been to hypnotists and to nother Italian fortune teller, but they only took my oney and did not break the charm. The hypnotist said e had broken it, and for a part of a day the needles id not bother me, but when I thought in the evening going away from Malluk they came back, pricking, icking, pricking!"

Her voice rose to high pitch—a pitch that stirred the ard and brought the nurse on the run.

"Easy, dearie, easy," said the white-robed attendant. t doesn't do you any good to shriek. There is no od you can do except getting this devil woman to ease the spell she put on you."

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"Yes, maybe there is another way," said Helen. "The other fortune teller—"

"The Italian one, you mean?"

"Yes. She said if I would go to Malluk's house at midnight and throw some stones through the window that would break the charm. The stones would have to be clean stones from sacred ground. The Evil Eye cannot withstand them, the other fortune teller told me."

"That certainly would be cheaper. Besides you would have your revenge—breaking her windows."

"We'll do that," said Helen, "you and I. With your strength and my belief in what this second old witch told me, we surely should drive out the devils that possess me."

Behind her bed a hospital interne leaning against the wall and listening made the sign of the wheel many time rapidly repeated by the side of his head.

"If she isn't crazy now," he said to me a little later, "she will be soon from the obsession about the spell and the needles. She fell down in the aisle on the train screaming that the needles were running through her, and all the way here the ambulance doctor said she kept crying out something about Malluk or some such name."

After I had made inquiries and found that the hospital was willing to discharge Helen in my care as one suffering from a psychopathic and not a physical illness, I returned to her bed with a promise of success against Malluk in immediate prospect.

"If you and I don't stop her," Helen cried out in anguish, "Malluk will kill me within a month. My lungs are choking now. They are all filled up—clear up to here," she said, indicating her upper chest. "I won't live a month unless I break the spell—and my poor mother won't either."

"Oh, she did believe in God, but now she believes in devils—devils that strangle her, make her black in the face. She, who never had a sick day in her life."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said I. "You and I will go over to Malluk's house and you shall throw the stones through the window and that will put an end to the spell. Then you and your mother can be well again."

AND so it came about that a detective of the New York department was actually to be seen the next night at midnight assisting a half-crazed girl in casting stones at the house of the Evil One in Second avenue.

I cannot say that our aim was very accurate, but I joined in the stone throwing in the hope that I might by this piece of foolishness free the girl's mind of the obsession that Malluk had control over her.

I have done many strange things in the police business, but I think this pretense of trying to break a witch's spell was the strangest of all my exploits. Our missiles ricocheted from the walls of the brick house and one of the two of them came near hitting me. However, at last one of Helen's largest stones crashed through a second story window and our task was accomplished. Before the policeman on the beat could arrive to learn what the smashing of the glass meant I had followed Helen into the shadows of 102nd street, and we were safely on our way to her home.

It was my one and only violation of the law in many years, but I hoped that the means would be justified by the end. As we walked hurriedly through 102nd street,

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ward Central Park, Helen seemed in better mood, en cheerful with the sense of a loaded lifted from her oulders.

HE morning found me calling at Helen Ludek's home, long the abode of sorrow. Cheerfully enough I went the door, expecting to find a bright and rejoicng, if not rejuvenated, Helen. What was my dismay en when she came with tear-stained face to admit me.

"My mother!" she cried. "The devils are choking her gain. She says she cannot breathe."

I rushed into the bedroom, where a woman of fifty as thrashing about on a great bed of the old black alnut style. She kept thrusting out her hands as if to ush enemies that to me were unseen, away from her. er lips formed the words, "Keep them off, keep them ff," but only muffled whispers came from her throat.

"What's all this," said I authoritatively. "We broke e spell. The spell's broken, Mrs. Ludek. Malluk has more power over you." I expected the woman's counenance to smooth and her mind to find peace, but only a rrifying contortion of the face answered me.

She looked at me as if she feared I was another devil me to plague her. That face! It was just a horrid ask of what it must have been. She was suffering such rtures as I had seen the insane suffer.

Helen sank kneeling by the bed with the cry that the vil Eye had not been broken. She had thought she had oken it by throwing stones at Malluk's house, but when e returned home she said she found her mother chokg under the influence of the witch's spell.

"Nonsense!" I shouted in the endeavor to overbear her. The spell is broken and you know it." But a halfttered cry by the mother told me my words were of no ail.

I decided that it would be necessary to have a doctor n at once in the hope of at least relieving the mother om her imagined agony. I thought that even if he used narcotic to relax her mind and body, the drug would be ell employed. I went scurrying out to find a physician nd was fortunate enough to be able to reach one of our olice surgeons on the telephone.

He and I had worked together before on some of my ses against medical frauds, and he came at once. His ce was grave when he found the ailment was a mental e.

"We must work quickly," said he, "or this woman will ear herself down to a point where she will be in danger f death. Exhaustion is bound to follow this continual rashing about. We must get this Malluk and make r release this woman. Any threats or illegal measures u may use will be quite justified by tomorrow—if in e meantime we can't free her of the delusion or obsesn—or whatever you call it—that she is under."

HERBERT CLARK had been in the house when Helen and I arrived. He told me that he had tried the Coué ethod on the mother, sitting at her bedside for hours d repeating quieting curative formulas to her—all to avail. He had tried a hypnotist and had even had udini in, thinking his knowledge of the world of fakers ght be of some help. The hypnotist had, as in the case Helen, given temporary relief, but had not been able counteract the effects of the sorceress' "spell."

"This woman is quite weak," the doctor said after serving her for half an hour; "we had better bring in e daughter and see what can be done. Perhaps she can

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pay this fortune teller to come here and undo her work. Of course she hasn't put any 'spell' on these women."

"How do you know that?" broke in Helen, entering the room and overhearing the remark.

The doctor was too wise to tell her that all science supported his statement, so he just went on with his remarks.

"But as long as they believe it what difference does that make. And of course the quickest way to free them of the obsession about the 'spell' is to have this Mme. Malluk formally undo it.

"Carrying out that idea, it is possible that you can force the woman by threat of arrest to recant the spell. In all likelihood, however, the thing can be accomplished much more quickly with money. And speed is important. This woman's life may be at stake—she believes herself choking and in that belief she may actually choke to death—even if she doesn't wear herself out with this constant struggle against the devils she says Malluk sent."

I was in favor of arresting Malluk on general principles, even if I couldn't make a case against her. We all three—the doctor, Herbert Clark and I—agreed that it would be useless to try to prosecute the woman on the evidence of Helen. Her weakened mind would make impossible the acceptance of her testimony unless supported by that of other persons.

"And my mind was so strong," wailed Helen, who had listened apathetically to this diagnosis of the case. "I went through college and when I was graduated I had a fine position as a librarian. My mind was clear, and I had a good education—but now everything seems clouded. Unless my lungs are cleared and I can breathe again I never be clear of mind again."

"Nonsense, there is nothing the matter with yo lungs," testily exclaimed the doctor.

"You just listen then," said Helen; "I can feel t phlegm gurgling in them."

"If I find they are all right and that your belief abo them is pure delusion, will you admit that all this st about your being under a 'spell' is as much of a delusi as the part about your lungs?" was the doctor's ch lenge.

There was no spirit in the way in which it was tak up. "Perhaps," said Helen.

The doctor sounded her chest and re-sounded it. "Cle as a bell," said he, "and healthy besides. There's not thing in your lungs, young woman."

"How do you know?' came the parrot answer. "H should you know as well as I. I feel the phelgm—I c feel it surge up and down."

The doctor threw up his hands.

"A sanitarium is the place for you, Miss Helen," said. "They can humor you there, and so gradually c you of these delusions—while a mere blunt old gene practitioner like myself—"

"How do you know they are delusions," was the c concerting question.

"Well," replied the doctor in more diplomatic v "you'll admit that there are no devils choking your mot there, won't you? There isn't one to be seen, is the So her belief that they are at her throat must be a de sion—isn't that so?"

"How do you know they are not invisible devils? H do you know any more than we do—or as much? You

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ot feel these things, so you say they are not true. We eel them—therefore they are true."

It was a most disconcerting line of argument. How id we know? It put us on the defensive. The doctor, owever, made short work of it.

"I do know," said he, "and that's an end on't."

We fell into a discussion of what to do about Malluk. outlined the difficulties of arresting and convicting her without adequate evidence.

"I wouldn't testify against her," cried Helen; "she would strike me dead with the Evil Eye. Every time ou mention my appearing against her the needles dart hrough me."

"Would you take a policewoman to see her and let her et the evidence and prosecute?"

"No, indeed—I don't want her arrested and put in ail. What I want you to do is to get her to release the pell she cast over my poor mother and me. That is all—o arrest, no court, no prison. Ah-h-h—" and she trem-led violently as she spoke—"We should die in a day—he Evil Eye."

Surgeon Hastings and I looked hopelessly at each other. What could we do!

He gave his attention to the mother and some minutes lipped by before he left with a promise to return in the fternoon. He had given the woman opiates in the hope f quieting her, and he left as soon as they began to take ffect.

With his departure I went in search of Helen, thinking have her take charge of her mother while I went after falluk.

But Helen was nowhere to be found. Herbert Clark so had gone, but he, so I found by asking questions of ildren playing in the hallway below, had gone out alone d in a great hurry, apparently soon after Helen had ft by herself. It was evident enough that he had gone pursuit of her. Probably he would find her and soon eturn, I thought, so I took up a vigil by Mrs. Ludek's edside.

She was quiet, the watch was monotonous, I fell asleep.

RETURN of Surgeon Hastings brought me awake and wondering what had happened. I found Helen had t returned. The surgeon and I had just decided to nd the mother to a hospital, and I was on my way t to call an ambulance when Helen came running up e stairs.

We learned then that she had run away from the house order to visit Mme. Malluk behind our backs, and with r hundred dollars purchase release from the "spell" at was over the two of them.

"Mother," she cried as she burst into the sickroom, Malluk has freed you—Malluk has freed you. The spell broken."

The doctor and I started in amazement. In hope, we ned over the ailing woman's bedside.

"The spell is broken—the Evil Eye is gone, mother," ed the young woman.

Her mother heard her—so much was plain—for she rned toward her daughter. Possibly, too, she compre-nded what was meant. That we were never to know, she did not speak again, and an exhausted spirit ssed on to the great beyond about two hours later. A ak heart had given way before the stress and strain er Malluk's curse.

Helen beat her clenched hands on her breast in her ling over her mother's death and cried out that the

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needles had returned—that they were piercing her flesh. Surgeon Hastings reluctantly came to the conclusion that her brain had failed under the supposed curse of Malluk, and that, even the removal of it by the fortune teller had been too late to save the young woman's reason.

He ordered her removed to the Psychopathic Ward at Bellevue for observation following her mother's funeral the next day. It was with tears blurring eyes that are all unaccustomed to them that I then saw the young woman pass out of her home for the last time. Herbert Clark, who loved her vainly, sat sad and unnerved at the far side of the room as the woman he cared for moved on toward the asylum and possibly a lifetime of incarceration.

I watched the scene with mixed emotions. I recalled Chryso's warning—"Beware—a word to the wise—Malluk has come." So this living death was what he had feared for me. And on that day I took an oath that was to be long in execution, but nevertheless was to be executed.

FROM the deathbed of Mrs. Ludek I hastened to Malluks home, intending to arrest her and put the whole case before the courts. The three-story brick house seemed very quiet as I approached. When I reached it and received no reply to my bell ringing I tried the door. It opened to my hand and as I stepped into the hall I came face to face with a swarthy man who bowed:

"Madam, she ring, so I know it not Malluk. Where is Malluk?"

"I don't know—where is she?"

"I no find. Whole house all empty—she gone. Gone before I find her!"

"Why do you want to find her?"

"You friend of hers, perhaps?"

"No, I hate her."

"Ah, me too. Malluk she throw Evil Eye on my sister in Baltimore—one—two year ago. Now my sister die. It is vendetta. Malluk she must die, too. Life for life, that is vendetta in the old country. Here, too, I swear it. I find Malluk.

So that explained why Malluk had fled. It was fear of the vendetta. I found that she had caught sight of him that morning.

Neither the man nor I was to find her then. We soon discovered that she had fled the city for parts unknown. I had the man from Baltimore arraigned in court for his threats to kill and he spent six months in the penitentiary. Then came the day of his release. He did not loiter aimlessly about the city as so many of his kind do. Rather he headed straight for the Lackawanna station and bought a ticket to Scranton. I know, for, following an inspiration that came to me while he was behind bars, I had him shadowed. I thought he could lead us to Malluk, and so it proved. He knew Scranton was her birthplace, and expected to find her practicing her evil arts there. All of which came to pass as he expected.

The only slip that occurred was that our two men, following him until he came to Malluk's house, went in while he waited outside. Malluk was there and the detectives—with just a word to her of what awaited her outside, were able to persuade her to waive extradition and return to New York for trial. Here she made no effort to obtain bail, and on arraignment pleaded guilty to fortune telling and practicing medicine without a license. She was glad to step into the cool retreat of the penitentiary, for there she found that which she could not find outside—safety from the vendetta.

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Police Around the World

Patrolling Arctic Wastes

AMONG the strangest police posts in the world are those which the Royal Canadian Mounted Police ave just established within the Arctic Circle at Cumerland Sound and Ponds Inlet on Baffin Island, and at ape Sabine, far to the north on Ellesmere Island.

These permanent police posts were established last ear by a government steamer, the "Arctic," which aveled to within 800 miles of the North Pole. This ar another steamer, the "Franklin," is making its way through Hudson Bay to these bleak Arctic islands at form the northernmost part of the Dominion of nada. It is carrying additional police to establish her posts. Bathurst Island has been selected as one of e places best suited for the purpose because of its ntral position. The commander at Cape Sabine is Inector Wilcox, who has men of six other ranks under m.

One of the great reasons for the policing of this terriry is the rapid depletion of the musk-ox herds on Ellesere Island.

By Canadian government regulations, a musk-ox can- be killed except to relieve starvation. The Canadian partment of the Interior has learned that these regutions are being violated by Eskimos from Greenland d by other foreigners who cross the ice of the narrow annel between Greenland and Ellesmere Island in the nter months. They kill the musk-oxen and return with eir pelts to their native countries.

Greenland, it seems, has gone far ahead of the north nadian Islands in the exportation of furs and the nadians believe that the furs come from the Canadian lands. Canada has a rigid rule regarding the exportion of furs and the police have been stationed at Cape bine to stop the killing of the musk-oxen and the carng away of their hides.

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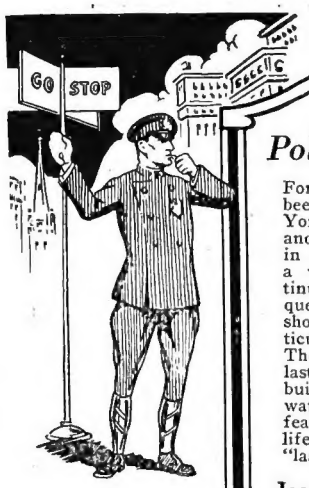

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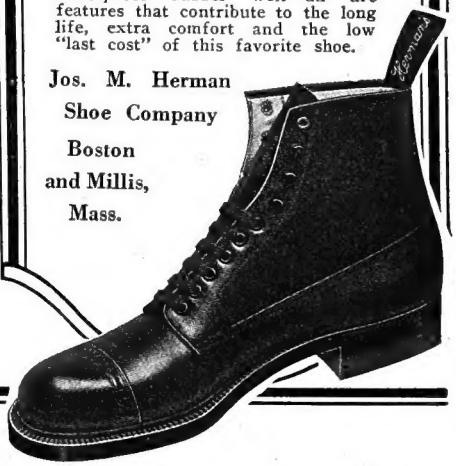

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Memphis Changes Methods

QUITE a change in the method of making promotions in the police department of Memphis, Tenn., was marked by the calling of an examination of patrolmen for promotion to a sergeancy left vacant by the demotion and ensuing resignation of J. B. Williams.

To prepare the candidates for the examination Chief Joseph B. Burney and William T. Griffin, Inspector of Detectives, started a promotion school. Several nights were assigned for instruction preparatory to the examination and Inspector Griffin, Deputy Inspector Edward A. Parker of the Detective Division, and others spoke on detective work, criminal laws, fingerprint identification, and other police subjects.

The candidates taking the examination had the extra incentive of other possible promotions due to the prospective retirement of Detective Sergeant Patrick Horan and the prospective promotion of a sergeant to a lieutenancy in the Detective Division where Joseph Bishop, Deputy Inspector, has been transferred to the command of the Automobile Theft Bureau, leaving a vacancy in the public office of the division.

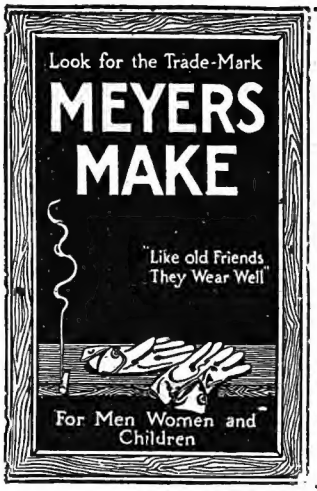
Detective Inspector Griffin delivered the first lecture in the promotion school. What he said was applicable to all police departments. His address in part was:

"It is the aim of the present police administration to raise the standard of the department to the highest possible efficiency. It is thought that one of the most important steps to take is to make all promotions from the ranks, taking into consideration, of course, physical, mental and moral fitness of the applicant.

"First of all, let us bear in mind the prevention of crime is of far greater importance than the punishment of criminals. To be a successful police officer you must cultivate and maintain the good opinion and respect of the public by a steady and impartial line of conduct in the discharge of your duty and by clean, sober and orderly habits.

"You should keep your person, clothing and equipment clean at all times. Neatness carries with it favorable impression, irrespective of one's position in life.

"A successful commanding officer must enjoy the respect and confidence of his subordinates. Play no favorites, treat the other fellow as you would have him treat you. When possible to do so, settle trivial misunderstandings and infractions of rules on the spot, by giving your subordinates to understand all rules must be obeyed. Don't go to your lieutenant or captain on matters of this character unless it is absolutely necessary. The reputation of being a knocker kills your effectiveness and breeds contempt generally.



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Paragraphs About Police

New York

Patrolman Fred Thomas of the West 7th Street Station was shot and fatally wounded when he attempted to arrest three men accused of having robbed a taxi driver in a hallway.

As he spoke to the three men standing on a corner one of them fired a pistol from a coat pocket dropping the officer, who tried valiantly to shoot after he was wounded. The men escaped. A suspect who was arrested proved an alibi.

Thomas's funeral, like those of other policemen who have recently been killed in the discharge of their duty, was attended by high officers of the department.

Patrolman Creharn of the West 47th Street Station was a participant in a case that led to the quick capture of an alleged gunman.

Two men had held up the Newport restaurant and had tied and gagged the proprietor and escaped with the receipts when passers-by gave the alarm. Creharn answered and chased the two men to the lobby of the Hotel Astor where he captured Peter Matrangello, nineteen years old.

The recovery of dresses and women's suits worth $3,000 within three hours after they had been stolen from Louis Armasin, 1325 First avenue, was the achievement of Detectives Hayden, Daly and Fyffe of the Safe and Loft Squad. They arrested two men and recovered seventy-eight dresses and seventeen capes.

One of the finest pieces of preventative police work recorded in New York City for a long time was that by which the detectives of the Safe and Loft Squad foiled a "mob" of safe cracksmen for a period of five months until they were able to catch them in an attempted $50,000 looting of an Adams Express vault and warehouse. Acting under Captain Busby, Detectives Hoffman, Reilly, Divver, Shaus, Callahan and Goss had kept an eye on the gang since March.

It is supposed the same gang looted the plant of the Happiness Candy Company in Long Island City.

The men captured are Charles Smith, Phillip Zeigler, Murray Gordon, Louis Geiger, Samuel Gordon, Samuel Cohen and Samuel Levine.

Patrolman John J. Hyland of Brooklyn was killed in an effort to recover a car in which three thieves were escaping after holding up the taxi driver. Hyland leaped on the running board and pulled on the driver of the cab to stop, which he did. A shot fired from within the car resulted in Hyland's death.

The bandits escaped and a few minutes later deserted the taxi.

Disregarding the close watch that is kept over the outlying section of Jamaica and Queens by the police, William Owens of Manhasset and a companion admitted three hold-ups in rapid succession on lonely roads near Jamaica only to finally fall a victim to quick and effective work by motorcycle patrolman Henry Tiederman of the Jamaica Precint.

Steffens with his companion held up three automobiles, robbed their occupants, and dragged a girl of 17 from the last car and carried her off in their small sedan while her escort, who had been knocked senseless, was slowly recovering his senses.

With the aid of a motorist the escort sought out Tiederman's post and the two of them quickly ran up a lonely road into which the bandit's car had turned. Steffens was caught just after he had attacked the girl and the other man was shot at as he escaped in the underbrush.

As a result of their bold foray Steffens faces a possible jail term of one hundred years.

Leaving New York a lieutenant, John J. Noonan returned from Europe as Captain of the East Sixty-seventh Street station, the precinct in which he began as a rookie policeman. It was while he was in Rome that Captain Noonan received word of his promotion. He had stood high on the eligible list and was among the captains "made" from it.

Long detailed at the training school, Captain Noonan had become very popular with the thousands of rookies who had come under his instruction.

Walking into a saloon at 1301 Jerome avenue, Bronx, on the heels of four men of whom they were suspicious, Detectives Timothy J. Connell and John Coogan were instantly fired on by the quartette.

The men, who already had their pistols out and were holding up the proprietor and five customers, turned their pistols and began shooting as Connell and Coogan entered the door. Connell, an honor man of the department, was killed almost instantly by a bullet through the eye. Coogan, standing near the middle of the room, returned the fire and then turned to the assistance of Connell. In that instant the bandits fled through the rear door.

Connell had captured many hold-up men in the Bronx and had a fine record in his eighteen years of service.

Airplane Aids Arrest

Quick work by the Newark police and a fast flight by mail airplane combined to bring about the arrest in St. Louis in the first week of August, of James H. Brown, a negro of 81 Elm Street, Newark, charged with a payroll robbery in that city.

The hold-up occurred on July 29. Newark detectives traced Brown first to Asbury Park, then to Atlantic City, thence to Philadelphia where they learned that he had taken a train for St. Louis.

They immediately dispatched a warrant together with a photograph and description of Brown to St. Louis by airplane. The airplane, flying via Chicago, reached St. Louis before Brown's train and the man was arrested as he stepped off Union Station.

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Tom Durkin of 431 East 122nd street; Charles Moore, 374 Pacific street, Brooklyn; William Dietz, 144 Wyckoff avenue, Brooklyn, were arrested in connection with the shooting of Connell. The clue that led to their arrest was obtained from Durkin and Moore seeking medical aid for wounds supposed to have been received in the pistol duel with Detective Coogan.

Detectives Lynch and Walsh of Harlem saw two men holding up a woman, as they thought, and ran up on them in a police department car. The bandits leaped into a taxicab as the two policemen alighted.

Lynch followed them and leaped on the running board of the cab. One of the men, Vincent McCormick of 442 East 135th street, turned a pistol deliberately in the face of the detective and pulled the trigger. Fortunately the cartridge missed fire and only a click resulted. Lynch then disarmed both men. The other was John J. Rogers, 222 East 95th street. They are both ex-convicts on parole from Sing Sing.

The Police Training School's new class includes George McNulty, formerly secretary to Commissioner Cray, and Timothy J. Hickey and John R. Crozier, recently clerks in the Chief Clerk's office. There are many college men there too, including "Bill" McCarthy, former Lehigh College baseball star.

One of the unreported deeds of the police was the action of Patrolmen Joseph Maloney and James Donnelly of Morrisania in getting out a hundred or more tenants from an apartment house at 590 E. 169th Street in an early morning fire that filled the place with smoke.

There were no lights in the hall and the alarm and the smoke brought the tenants jamming out into it in such fashion that they could make no progress down stairs.

With Donnelly standing at the head of the flight of stairs and sending upwards the rays of two flashlights, Maloney guided the people to the street. After accomplishing this they searched all the apartments to make sure that the place was empty.

A patrolman assigned to duty in the new traffic towers in Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, was observed standing in Fifth Avenue gazing at the well built, massive towers along the Avenue. Asked what he was looking at, he replied without turning his head, "Look at them—regular homes. All we have in the white shacks we work in is a switch, but look at these things, regular homes!"

Behind the wheel of an automobile is no place for a man who falls asleep, as Isaac Finer found to his sorrow one night last month. While driving down Centre Street Finer decided to take a nap and his car, without a guiding hand, crashed into another car parked, as it happened, directly in front of Headquarters. The occupants of the car chanced to be Inspector Charles McKinney and Patrolman Charles O'Connor. Needless to say, Finer was immediately supplied with a cot on which to finish his nap, but the cot was in a cell in the basement.

Other Cities

Visiting Newport, Ky., City hall to inquire about a woman who had been arrested there in connection with the finding of a lot of stolen jewelry, Charles E. Kirk, alias Jack MacDuff, was arrested and later sentenced to a term of five years in the reformatory.

When he asked for the woman, who was Anna Haft of Cincinnati, the Newport police seized him and by searching him found jewelry that had been stolen from Edward Mueller, a jeweler, of Fairfield Avenue, Newport. The Haft woman is also to be tried.

San Francisco contributes an item almost unexampled. The office of the Detective Bureau there was entered by burglars one night in July and was thoroughly ramsacked for valuables.

The whole office was found in a state of disorder in the morning. There is no suspicion that this was an "inside job" and yet the police have been unable to ascribe a motive to the thieves.

The thieves obtained $390 in currency belonging to the Widows and Orphans Fund of the San Francisco police, which was in a drawer that was jimmied open.

They could scarcely have expected to find money in the detective's office under ordinary circumstances.

Middletown, Conn., police had a novel experience the other day when they cleared the way for an ambulance that came speeding through Main street with its gong clanging. Although it was a strange machine the police believed it to be on an emergency call and sped it on its way. The State Police at Portland Bridge over the Connecticut River delayed a line of waiting vehicles for it.

Half an hour later a policeman from one of the suburbs mounted on a motorcycle came through in pursuit of the ambulance. He disclosed that it was being used as a fast special delivery by rum runners and was loaded with liquor.

Chicago policemen have a new incentive to deeds of daring. The Chicago Tribune is giving $100 prizes each month to police heroes. The prize for July went to John J. Kennedy of the Shakespeare avenue Precinct, a patrolman, who when he was off duty rescued a child from a bad fire.

A novel method of influencing speeders to cease their fast driving has been invented by a magistrate in Los Angeles. He sentenced W. G. Lovell, a boy of eighteen, to read every newspaper published in Los Angeles every day for six months and to copy in his own handwriting all the traffic accident stories they might print.

The novel sentence is being duly carried out according to the latest reports, and the youth is submitting his copies of the reports of smashups to the Traffic Court at intervals. So at least one Los A geles driver will have a deep mem impression of the dangers of fast dr ing. But only one!

The noxious gases that surround tra officers were blamed by Traffic Poli man James Lyons of Chicago for being in such a condition that charg of intoxication were placed against h He said at his trial that the gas of t automobiles combined with the effe of a very hot day made him appear if under the influence of liquor. T case was taken under advisement.

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